Sports Illustrated

JUNE 1, 1964 30 CENTS



## CHAMPION OF THE OLD GUARD

INDY DRIVER
A. J. FOYT




**Skipjack**—New penny-moc makes big splash! Here's one of the all-time classics—slimmed and polished to put you right in the main stream wherever you go. In black or cordo color, at your Pedwin retailer's. Come on in—the price is fine!

**9.99** Other styles 8.99 to 12.99. Pedwin Jrs. for boys 7.99 to 9.99. All higher Denver West and Canada.

# pedwin®

*young ideas in shoes*

QUALITY AT YOUR FEET® BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Norelco brings men the world's best-selling shaver.

# *Now look at the fabulous grooming aids Norelco has created to make lovely ladies look lovelier*



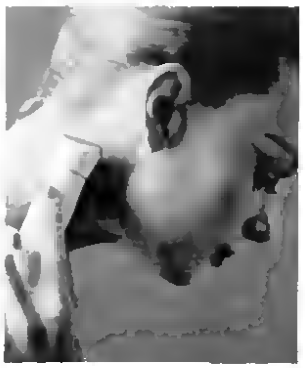
***The Norelco Beauty Sachet.*** *A lovely gift —to give and to receive Simple attachments make it four grooming aids in one.*



***Massager.*** *Perfect for working your favorite face cream into the skin fast and easily. Use it for cuticle-remover cream, too.*



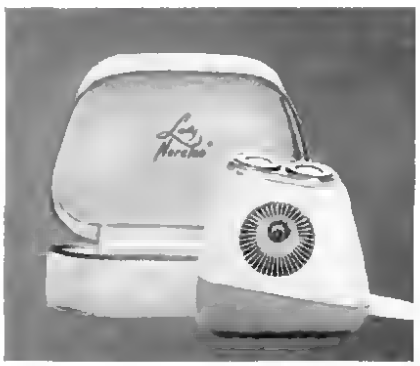
***Manicurer.*** *Shapes nails like a personal manicurist, exactly the way you prefer. Fine for pedicures and callus removal.*



***Hair-trimmer.*** *Your Norelco Beauty Sachet will whisk away hair quickly, gently. Neatens hair line at nape of neck*



***Vibrator.*** *Stimulates scalp with invigorating action Relaxes taut muscles. Gives your scalp a healthy, alive feeling*



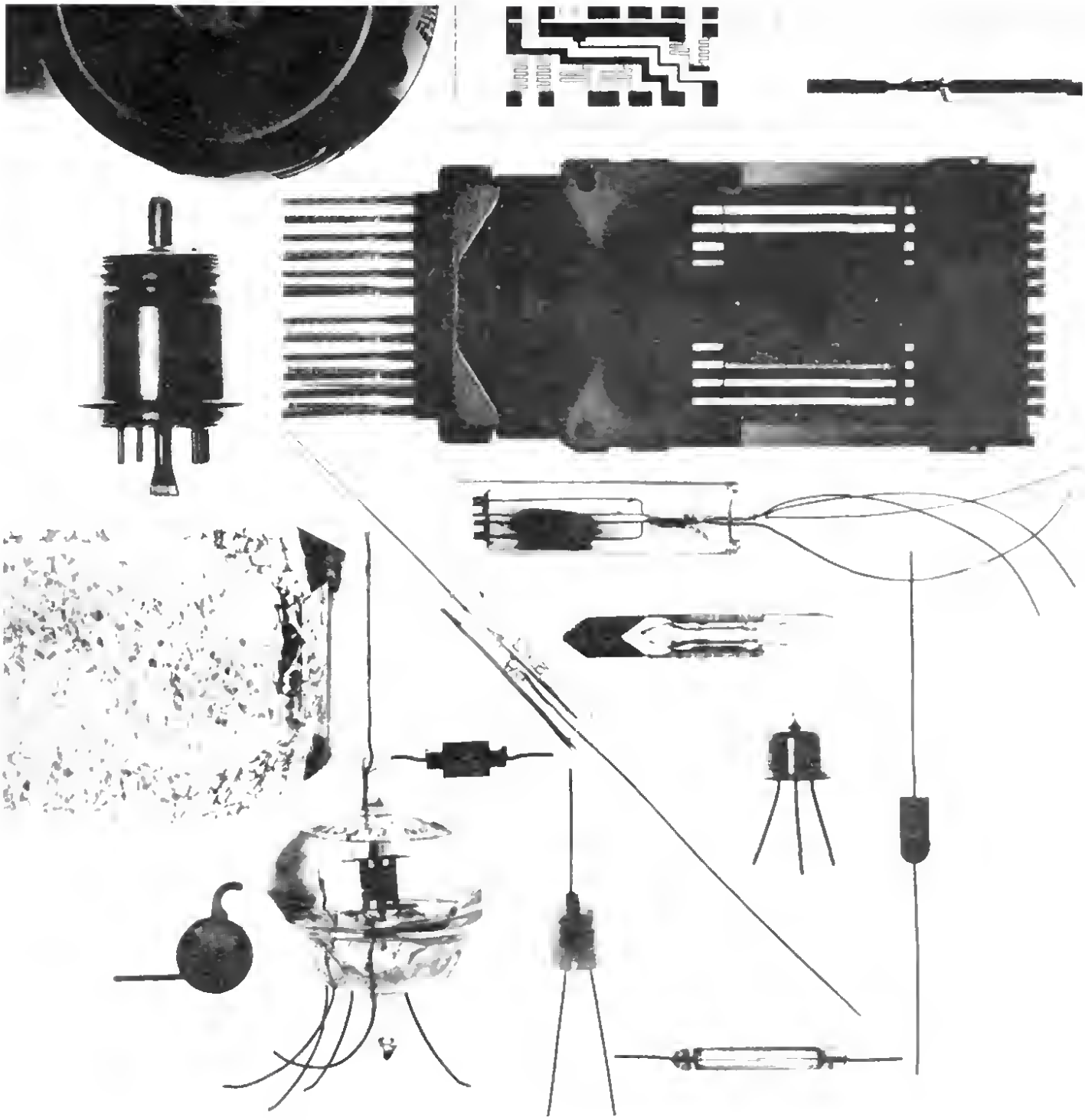

***The Lady Norelco.*** *Looks like no ladies' shaver you've ever seen before It's made that way to shave legs and underarms in the most comfortable fashion possible*



***Protects your tender skin*** *from nicks and cuts Lets you apply underarm deodorant instantly. Ask for it at your Norelco dealer —or from your favorite man.*

Norelco®

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**Perhaps just minutes ago. Quartz crystals, switches, tiny electron devices—these are a few of the thousands of behind-the-scenes communications devices that Western Electric provides for the nationwide Bell telephone network. □ Quality-built to last as much as 40 years, often longer, each part of the telephone system must work in its place unfailingly to provide you with the kind of communications you have come to rely on — 24 hours a day, every day. □ Working closely with people at Bell Telephone Laboratories and in your Bell telephone company, Western Electric shares with them this common goal: to bring you the world's finest communications service at low cost. That's why we have been, since 1882, the manufacturing unit of the Bell System.**

WESTERN ELECTRIC



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## Next week

***AS NORTHERN DANCER*** prepares for the last of the Triple Crown races, we salute the flourishing sport of racing in a 40-page section of special articles and color photographs.

***THE INDIANAPOLIS "500"*** pits old designs against modern ones. Offenhauser roadsters against rear-engine cars that have opened a new era. Bob Ottum reports the No. 1 auto race.

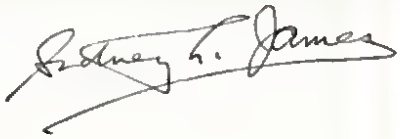
***WHEN HOGAN AND SNEAD,*** aging foes who have not played a head-to-head match in 10 years, do so for a television show, the golf is spectacular and the conversation revealing.

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



It is a curious fact that in this, the most motorized country on earth, a good share of us think of automobile racing as "somebody else's sport." Many a man privy to the mysteries of that most intricate game, professional football, resists the complexities of auto racing as a 10-year-old resists long division. Nevertheless, motor sport is hugely popular. It drew an estimated 35 million paid admissions last year, third only to basketball and Thoroughbred racing among all American sports. Fresh evidence of that popularity will be at hand this Saturday as a third of a



MOTOR SPORTS EDITOR RUDEEN

million people descend upon the Indianapolis "500" to watch Driver A. J. Foyt (*see cover and story on page 78*) and 32 others race for half a million dollars in prizes.

Wherein lies the appeal of auto racing? To begin with, the racing fan has his particular heroes, and to him they are no less marvelous than Mantle and Mays, Tittle and Taylor. Heroes such as A. J. Foyt for one; and Jimmy Clark, Scotland's remarkable little world champion driver, for another. The exhaust thunder of a racing engine can seem music sweeter than Lombardo's; the spectacle of brave men cornering on the limit of tire adhesion is an affecting one. The racing fan pities his baseball, football and basketball counterparts for being stuck year upon year with the same old bats and balls; racing's ingredients are constantly changing. New engines, suspension systems, body designs are always just around the corner.

Beyond all that, the racing man perceives in his sport a greater weight, a larger meaning in everyday affairs than in any other. There is no better example than Detroit's current infatuation with paraphernalia derived from racing. Bucket seats have become a $100-million business, and Detroit cannot assemble four-speed stick-shift transmissions fast enough to meet the demand. And all signs point to an even greater racing boom ahead. America's old isolation from European trends has ended. Grand Prix design thought has invigorated Indianapolis—has, indeed, stood the old Brickyard on end by pushing the traditional roadsters toward the scrap heap. The Ford Motor Company's racing and rallying sorties in Europe have been acknowledged to have had such effect that famous firms now dormant in racing—Jaguar and Mercedes for two—are preparing comebacks (SI, May 11).

SI's editor for motor sports, Kenneth Rudeen, has long kept his eye on trends like these. A graduate of the University of Kansas and former city desk reporter for the *Kansas City Star*, he got his education in racing by walking the pits and exploring the corners of racecourses from Spa in Belgium to Riverside, Calif., by interviewing over the years dozens of racing personalities. "Like everyone who looks for news," he says, "I love a scoop. Nothing has given me greater pleasure than being first with the story of the Corvette SS, secretly built by Chevrolet for the 1957 Sebring race, and in 1962 with Ford's racing battle plans—which have become in execution the biggest continuing motor sports story in American history."


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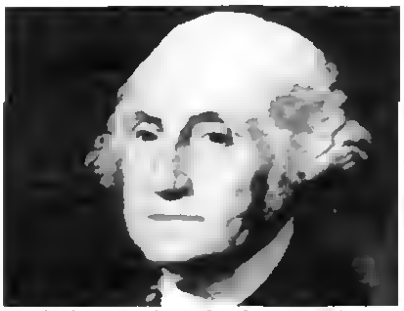
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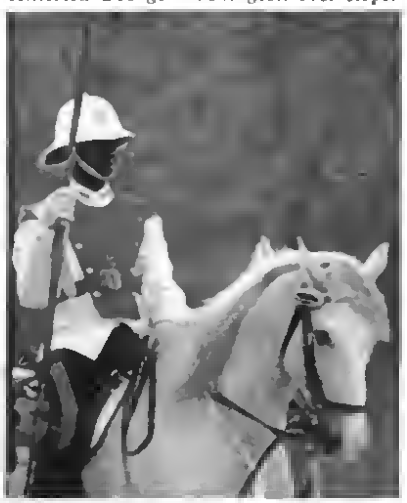
# Barbados is a singular island

*It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square, and feel the trade breezes off the Caribbean. Or watch championship cricket-matches in the afternoon, and a flaming limbo dance under the moon. Or see a flying-fish fleet, an old-time sailing schooner, and an internationally famous yacht all in one day. Certainly it's the only place in the world where taxi-drivers inquire, with Elizabethan courtliness, "Cab, Mistress?" Delightfully, the Barbadians' tradition of old-world courtesy and custom hasn't changed much in 300 years. Even the modern luxury hotels have a way of clinging to the landscape with the discreet air of private estates. People who love the island say the friendliness and laughter of Barbados, the music and wit, the hospitality all have a flavor that's completely distinctive.*

*You might say, it's absolutely singular.*



*Barbados was the only place outside America George Washington ever slept.*



*Unique tradition: the island's mounted police in impeccable uniform.*



*Bring your camera, if only to catch Barbadian women carrying everything under the sun on their heads.*



*Barbados windmills used to grind sugar cane. Today they simply stand there looking picturesque*



*Barbados gets the Eastern trade breezes every day of the year. Great place to cool off in the summer!*

*For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017*

BELLOWS & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

Straight from Kentucky:

Kentucky's light bourbon in the broad-shouldered bottle.




How do you make a light Kentucky bourbon? Start with 133 years of distilling experience. Then: ☐ Use one-quarter inch char in every barrel ☐ Only #1 Government-inspected grains ☐ Only charcoal-filtered water ☐ Distill it twice ☐ Age away one gallon in every five to insure smoothness. The reward is in your glass. Uncommonly fine flavor... unexpected lightness. **Bellows Club Bourbon.**

## DOG SHOW EVENTS

**Major shows in the East through July 14**

**MAY 30** Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club, Huntingdon and Edgehill Roads, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.; Ladies' Dog Club, Stigmatine Fathers Juniorate, Wellesley, Mass.

**MAY 31** Delaware County Kennel Club, Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.; Framingham District Kennel Club (benched), Bowditch Field, Framingham, Mass.

**JUNE 6** Greenwich Kennel Club (benched), Yale Farms, Greenwich, Conn.; Kanadasaga Kennel Club, Roseland Park, Canandaigua, N.Y.; Talbot Kennel Club, Elks Club Grounds, Easton, Md.

**JUNE 7** Longshore-Southport Kennel Club, Fairfield Hunt Club, Westport, Conn.; Tonawanda Valley Kennel Club, Genesee Drive-In Theater, Batavia, N.Y.; Upper Marlboro Kennel Club, Upper Marlboro Fairgrounds, Upper Marlboro, Md.

**JUNE 13** Bay State German Shepherd Dog Club, Stigmatine Fathers Seminary Grounds, Wellesley, Mass., Bryn Mawr Kennel Club (benched), Recreation Field, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; French Creek Valley Kennel Club, Crawford County Fairgrounds, Meadville, Pa., North Shore Kennel Club, Sacred Heart Juniorate, Ipswich, Mass.

**JUNE 14** Burlington County Kennel Club, Palmyra High School Stadium, Palmyra, N.J., Erie Kennel Club, Fairview Elementary School, Fairview, Pa.; Middlesex County Kennel Club, Concord-Carlisle Regional High School, Concord, Mass.

**JUNE 20** Dachshund Association of Long Island, 495 West John St., Hicksville, N.Y., Eastern English Springer Spaniel Club, Veterans' Memorial Park, Ridgefield, Conn.; Mid-Hudson Kennel Club, Dutchess County Fairgrounds, Rhinebeck, N.Y.

**JUNE 21** Boston Terrier Club of Maine, 85 Jordan Ave., Brunswick, Maine; Staten Island Kennel Club, Cromwell Center, Staten Island, N.Y.

**JUNE 28** Del-Otse-Nango Kennel Club, Nehawa Park, Oneonta, N.Y.

**JULY 3** Irish Setter Club of Western New York, War Memorial Auditorium, Rochester; Rochester Collie Club, Corner Exchange and Court Streets, Rochester.

**JULY 4** Farmington Valley Kennel Club, Farmington Valley Polo Club, Farmington, Conn.; Genesee Valley Kennel Club, 900 Jefferson Road, Rochester.

**JULY 5** Kennel Club of Buffalo, Erie County Fairgrounds, Buffalo; Wallkill Kennel Club, Bradley Field, Walden, N.Y.

**JULY 7** Wachusett Kennel Club, Doyle Field, Leominster, Mass.

**JULY 10** Woodstock Dog Club, Woodstock Union High School, West Woodstock, Vt.

**JULY 11** Champlain Valley Kennel Club, C.P. Smith School, Burlington, Vt.

**JULY 12** Green Mountain Dog Club, Mt Mansfield Co., Inc. Grounds, Stowe, Vt.

**JULY 14** Carroll County Kennel Club, Skimobile Grounds, North Conway, N.H.

Ride Walt Disney's Magic Skyway at the Ford Motor Company's Wonder Rotunda—New York World's Fair




# *People who Thunderbird have a talent for setting trends*

And for discovering them. For a decade their car has been a symbol of all that is modern. Now, a new trend begins with Thunderbird for 1964. You'll know it the instant the exclusive Swing-Away steering wheel moves over to ease your entrance into the Thunderbird cockpit. New contoured front seats cradle you luxuriously. On the flight deck, a warning light reminds you to fasten the retractable seat belts; optional panel lights tell you when gas is low, a door is ajar. But, most impressive of all, is the smooth, silent way Thunderbird moves and corners and rides this year. Try it. Find out why the trendsetters say, "other cars you drive . . . this one you Thunderbird."



*Thunderbird*

*unique in all the world*




# The case for Father's Day

Since each father is really an individual case, the question of whether to show him a little special attention must ultimately devolve upon you. Every father should be treated individually. And quite a treat (if you decide to go ahead and observe the occasion) would be a case of Michelob. Your display of imagination will touch him. He'll appreciate the Michelob, too. It holds its own anywhere . . . in any mixed company. In a word, it's appropriate. Especially for Father's Day




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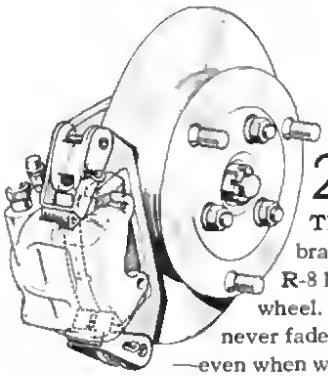
# Destroy this ad!

*(after you've read it)*

## Don't let a soul see it. Be the first Renault R-8 expert on your block!




**1.** This is a pushbutton panel. It means that the 230 times a day you'd ordinarily shift, you don't. Renault automatic transmission does it for you. If you like the feeling of shifting for yourself, even 230 times a day, you can get the R-8 1100 with 4-speed synchronized gearbox, too.

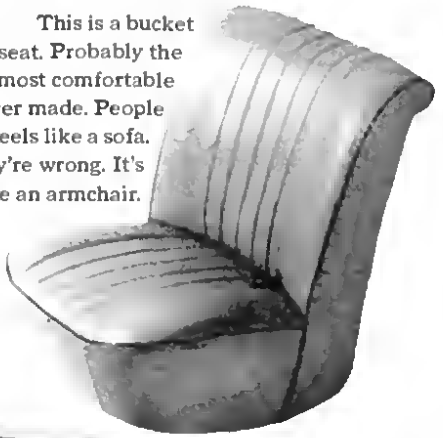


**2.** This is a disc brake. Renault R-8 has one per wheel. Disc brakes never fade or grab —even when wet. All they do is stop. That's important.



**3.** This is Marvin Twill. He sells gas. All the Marvin Twills get a little poorer from Renault. After all, you can't get rich pumping gas into a car that gets up to 35 miles a gallon.

**4.** This is a bucket seat. Probably the most comfortable one ever made. People say it feels like a sofa. They're wrong. It's more like an armchair.





**5.** This is Pikes Peak. Going up it or down it, in the R-8 you'd think you're on a turnpike. We call it easy handling. You'll call it fun.

RENAULT

**6.** This is the Renault name. It's been around 66 years.



**7.** This is the Renault R-8. It has everything above—and more.

Now that you're a Renault expert, destroy this ad. Then go straight to your Renault dealer. Be the first on your block to test-drive it. You'll probably be the first on your block to buy it.

8. For overseas sales information, contact one of our 500 dealers or write Renault Overseas Sales Dept. 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

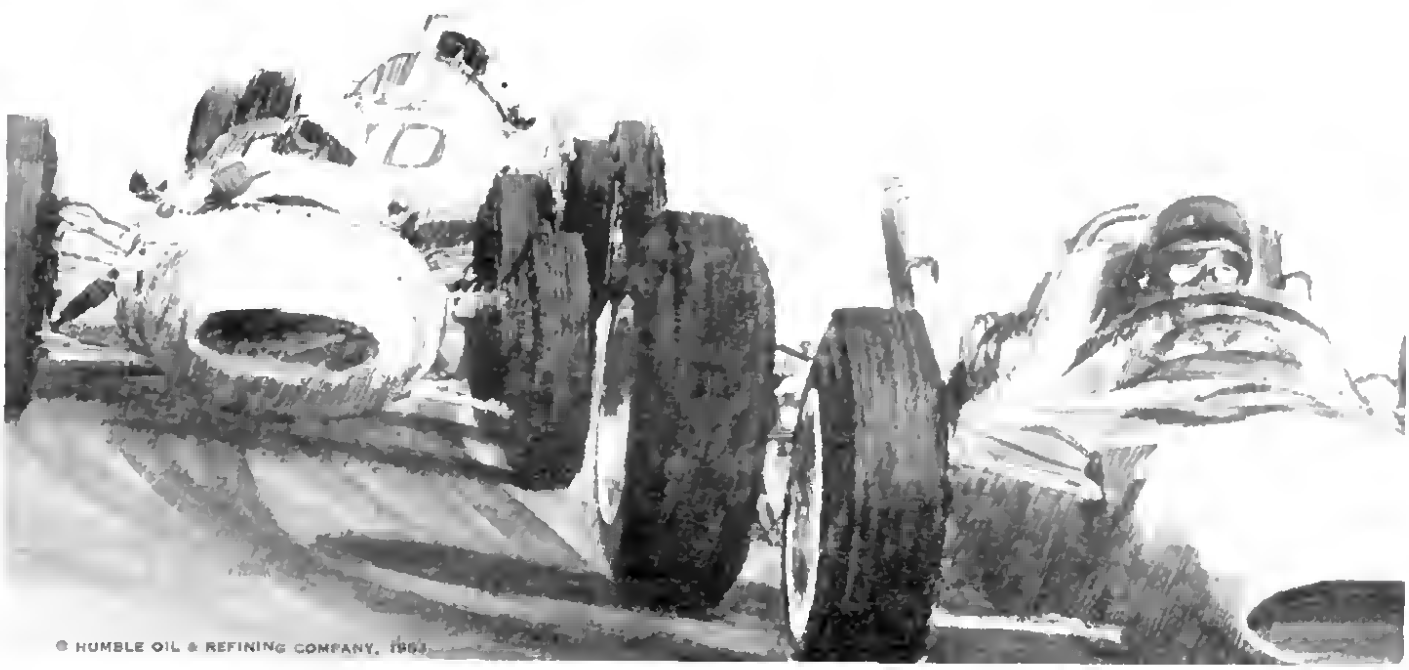
# CLARK-FOYT-GURNEY-WARD
# CHOOSE ESSO RACING FUEL FOR INDY

On Memorial Day these and many other great names of racing will have two things in common. They'll be driving for a win in this biggest of all races — and they'll be depending on the top performance of Esso racing fuels and motor oils to help them do it.

You can depend on Esso products to help you get the most out of *your* car, too. New Power-formula Esso Extra gasoline and Uniflo® motor oil give you the kind of performance that can't be matched by any other combination. Take a tip from the champs and fill up at the sign of "Happy Motoring!"®

**HUMBLE** AMERICA'S LEADING ENERGY COMPANY MAKERS OF ESSO PRODUCTS **Esso**

**THURSDAY, MAY 28 — SPECIAL TV EVENT:** See "Gentlemen — Start Your Engines!" on the ESSO REPORT. The story of the Indianapolis Speedway will be brought to you in color over most NBC-TV stations by Humble and your nearby Esso dealer.



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First on the Atlantic . . . First on the Pacific . . . First in Latin America . . . First 'Round the World

# That wonderful Pan Am feeling

It's a feeling reserved for travelers who choose Pan Am.

Wherever they go—Europe, Africa, the Caribbean, Central or South America, Asia, throughout the Pacific or 'Round the World—they feel *better* because they're flying Pan Am. No wonder. Pan Am is the world's most experienced airline.

Pan Am's Experience means more to them—and to you—than all that we or anyone else can offer you on a Jet trip.

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PAN AM

For fine food and entertainment—visit the 7-Up International Sandwich Gardens at the New York World's Fair



# GET REAL ACTION
## 7-UP YOUR THIRST AWAY!!

*Any thirst you can get, 7-Up can quench! Seven-Up is all action. It tingles. It freshens. It re-starts the natural moisture in your mouth. That's why 7-Up can quench your thirst quickly and completely. Get real action . . . 7-Up your thirst away.*



# If you won't do it for yourself, do it for the kids

(Get nylon cord tires.)



NYLON
CHEMSTRAND

Chemstrand® nylon is used by America's finest tire manufacturers.
Chemstrand, N.Y. I., a Division of Monsanto

# Hey Pancho!

Who, me?



Yes, you!

Don't look surprised if your friends start calling you Pancho. Maybe it's that Gonzales Autograph racket you're using. Could be it helps you play better. A little bit like the Champion himself. And why not? It's exactly the same heavy-muscled racket that Pancho Gonzales uses.

Your friends will ask you where you got it. Tell them they can buy one just like it from any Spalding dealer.

Of course it comes in a variety of weights and grip sizes to fit most everyone - you, or Pancho Gonzales.

SPALDING
CHICOPEE, MASS.




Now you're on the trail of a great gin that London's been enjoying for 200 years

It's Booth's. It's London Dry. And it's a great value.

BOOTH'S HIGH & DRY GIN

TWO INDIVIDUAL COCKTAIL SERVERS YOURS FOR $1.00: Just mix your cocktail, add an ice cube or two, and you have a perfect, spill-proof drink that can't go flat. Send $1.00 to Bonuserver, P.O. Box 58A, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

# SCORECARD

### NEW EMERGING SPORTSMEN

Indonesia retained the Thomas Cup, symbol of world badminton supremacy, last week in Tokyo by beating Denmark 5–4, but the whole thing left a bad taste in everybody's mouth, except maybe Indonesia's. The initial sour swallow came when Indonesia at first refused to bring the Thomas Cup to Tokyo for the competition, causing one angry official to complain, "These people evidently regard the Thomas Cup as their own personal national treasure."

Then, during the finals between Indonesia and Denmark, Indonesian students in the crowd at the Tokyo Metropolitan Gymnasium shot off flashbulbs in the eyes of Danish players. Officials moved in to confiscate the flashbulbs, and an Associated Press photographer and two reporters rushed over to cover the incident. More than 100 Indonesian students poured out of the stands and attacked the AP men, beating and kicking them for five minutes before police were able to break up the struggle.

Danish Team Manager Kurt Moller said that he would protest to the International Badminton Federation and added, "The Indonesians didn't win on the court. Those crazy spectators won the Thomas Cup. It reminded me of the way young Germans behaved under Hitler."

Neutral observers were virtually unanimous in feeling that favored Denmark would have won the cup easily if it had not been for the behavior of the Indonesian students throughout the competition and especially on the final night. One shocked Japanese official said, "It's a good thing those bloody barbarians are not competing in the Olympics. If they were, we might never be able to hold the Games."

### HORSES, HORSES, DOGS, DOGS

For kicks in New England they used to burn witches. Now they go to the races. On Memorial Day this year Suffolk Downs has a card of 11 races, starting at 1:30 p.m. Lincoln Downs, 60 miles away, has a doubleheader—nine races in the afternoon, beginning at 2 p.m., and nine races at night, beginning at 8 p.m. Two dog tracks in the same area, Wonderland and Raynham, have evening programs of 10 and 12 races each. An alert punter with good contacts has 51 chances to get well in less than 12 hours. Did someone say staid New England?

### DANGER ON THE BEACH

Sumer is icumen in and bathers on Atlantic beaches are being warned once again about the dangers of picking up odd-looking objects on the shore. Each year since World War II there have been accidents when intriguing-looking Things have turned out to be explosives. Old mines have been drifting around since the war and many will make a landfall this year. They're usually about twice the size of a basketball. Equally dangerous are old marine markers, which contain explosive magnesium-based compounds. There is a wide variety of markers, but the most common is cylindrical in shape, about 18 inches long and three inches in diameter, housed in an aluminum or wood casing.

Don't touch them. Report them.

### GOODBY, CUS

Floyd Patterson has fired his manager, Cus D'Amato. It was not unexpected D'Amato has been the manager in name but not in fact the last two years. Last week Patterson killed what little chance there was of the two getting together again when he promoted Trainer Dan Florio to manager.

Boxing has always been a harsh sport, long on bitterness and short on loyalty. But Cus and Floyd seemed different. They were more like father and son than manager and fighter. D'Amato had signed Patterson with a handshake after Floyd had won the 1952 Olympics. Four years later he got Patterson the title fight with Archie Moore that made him, at 21, the youngest man ever to hold the heavyweight championship. D'Amato insisted on sharing the racial snubs Patterson had to endure. He gave up smoking and drinking to make abstinence easier for the fighter. He dedicated himself to making and keeping Patterson the champion. At times he was too dedicated; he was overly protective and too choosy in picking opponents. He may, as some critics think, have stunted Patterson's development. On the other hand, his caution may be the reason why Patterson held the title so long and made so much money from it.

Patterson has always appeared to be an honorable man and a thoughtful man —though, for a fighter, a curiously hypersensitive one. He must have sound reasons for firing his old friend. But whatever the reasons, he did not discuss them with D'Amato, nor did he tell Cus that he was fired. D'Amato learned of his dismissal from a reporter who called to get his reactions. "Floyd," said D'Amato, "may have his reasons for doing this—perfectly good reasons. Though the facts point to a complete falling out, I won't accept it until Floyd tells me face to face. That was our agreement."

### NOBODY MAKES A MONKEY OF HIM

Psychologists at Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico, training 80 chimpanzees in symbol recognition for space research, are teaching their pupils games



involving shapes, colors and numbers.

A chimp named Big Mean (some of the chimps have names like pool hustlers, whom they somewhat resemble) fleeces all comers, including a visiting Air Force general, at a game of squares and triangles. Zsa Zsa is fantastically accurate with numbers—when surrounded by admiring kibitzers. If an audience walks away, her score nose-dives.

*continued*

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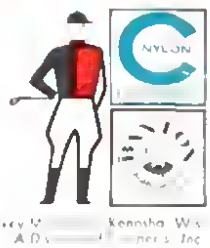



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Food pellets and mild shocks were originally used to train the chimps, but the psychologists have since discovered, to their fascination and ours, that competition is a strong motivating factor. Big Mean and Pale Face (a pallid chimp who, equipped with green eyeshade, would cause no comment at Las Vegas) were put in adjoining glass booths to play an electronic version of tic-tac-toe. The chimps learned that they were competing almost as soon as they learned to get three across. If one lost too often, he would stamp and scream and pound the window facing his opponent.

When Pale Face began to win every game, Big Mean no longer wanted to play. Pale Face stopped smirking and threw a few games to keep Big Mean interested. For those who may find the data useful, a recording tape shows that Pale Face discovered one win in every five was enough to keep the sucker in the game.

Just how human is he? wondered the psychologists. Will a chimp champ like Pale Face play the game for its own sake? They disconnected the reward circuit. The game went on, lights flashed, the loser scowled, the "reward" signal went on, but no banana pellet tumbled out of the slot.

Pale Face pounded the machine. He played again. He decided the machine had stopped paying off. He quit.

The kid had turned pro.

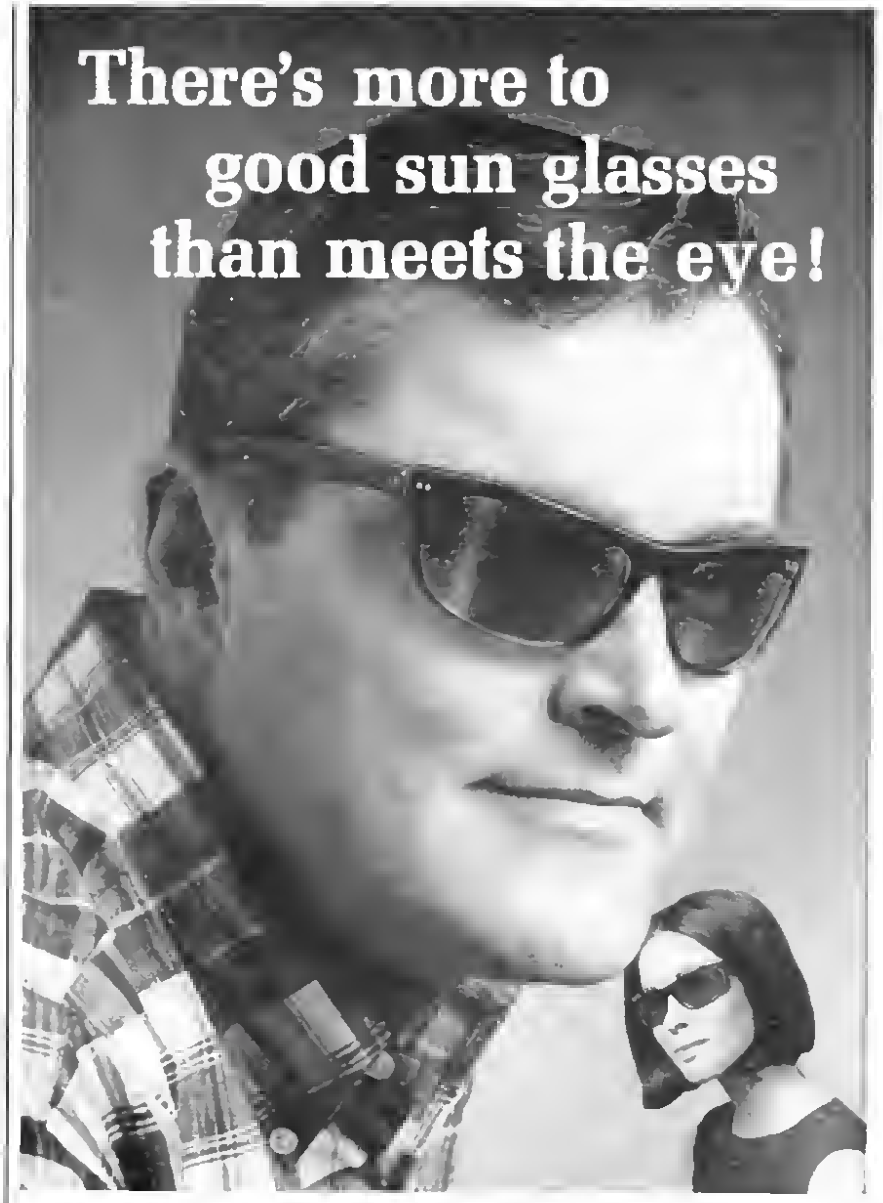
**GREEN GOLD**

*The Wall Street Journal* ran an editorial a few weeks back about "the great golfing crisis" in New Jersey. The New Jersey Bureau of Statewide Planning said the state faced an alarming shortage of golf courses. The bureau said that the "recognized minimum standard" for golf courses is one hole for each 3,000 population, and that while New Jersey now has a surplus of 428 holes, this margin will turn into a shortage by 1970. The agency proposed that public agencies establish new courses, and that they buy up existing ones to keep them from falling prey to highway builders and land developers.

*The Wall Street Journal* seemed amused by all this and not much in favor, saying that though golf can be an exasperating game, "an even more exasperating game, at times, is the planners' drive to the taxpayers' green."

The *Journal*, in other words, is for

*continued*


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golf but agin the government taking over golf. We can't fault the *Journal* on that attitude but if it comes to a choice between public ownership of a course and the green links turning into a housing development we go along with New Jersey's Bureau of Statewide Planning. Our affection for golf is not the only reason we feel this way. In many cities and towns the local golf course is the only broad open countryside left, the only acreage with stretches of parkland and trees and soft rolling hills. As such it benefits more than the golfer; it is part of the heritage of every passerby who pauses to admire the view.

### SCIENCE RIDES AGAIN

Most people like water skiing and powerboats. Those who don't have tended to retreat to tiny landlocked lakes that are impractical for big-horse boats and long-tow skiers.

Alas, Eden will soon be invaded. A German thinker (possibly a relative of Dr. Strangelove) has invented a do-it-yourself water-skiing device. It looks like a cross between a small flying saucer with plow handles and a seagoing power motor. A shallow six-foot hull supports a 24-hp motor covered by a plastic dome. An eight-foot V at the rear ends in a control box with handlebar grips (right grip is throttle, left grip an on-off button; motor goes off automatically when skier lets go, as in a fall). The thing is called Ski-Craft and we are told that it sells for about $1,100.

With one of these beauties your really nutty water skier doesn't have to worry about his friend who drives the boat. He can get out on the lake by himself at sunrise if he wants, when the mist is burning off the mirror-smooth water and early-morning still-fishermen are having intimations of immortality. He can rev up his 24 horses and go roaring off by himself, hitting top speeds of 30 mph and making tight 14-foot-radius turns instead of the huge sweeping loops required with the customary long towline. It sounds like peachy fun.

We don't quite know how to explain all this to the still-fisherman.

### FORT SUMTER

Before he died General MacArthur established a shaky truce between the AAU and the NCAA-backed sports federations (such as the new U.S. Track and Field Federation) to guarantee a strong,

united American team at the Tokyo Olympics. The truce remains in effect and we will have our best at Tokyo, but the feud is still simmering and it appears now that as soon as the Olympics end it will explode into open warfare. Last week the Big Ten, one of the most powerful of the college conferences, voted in a direct challenge to the AAU to declare ineligible any athlete who takes part in competition not sanctioned by the NCAA side, beginning next winter. More NCAA battle communiques are expected to come out of a meeting in Denver in July of more than 25 college conferences.

Enjoy the Olympics, kids. Amateur sport may not be much fun these next few years.

**OLD NONPRO**

Rugby is a bone-crushing game played in nonstop 45-minute halves with neither time-outs nor substitutes. After a game the teams applaud each other and convene at the nearest pub, where opponents compete to buy drinks for one another. Many Rugby players think this is the best part of the sport. "Oh, I've heard of the salaries your professional football players receive," said Brian Carlyle Henderson, 6-foot 2-inch, 211-pound insurance agent from Aberdeen, Scotland who plays center for the Scottish Internationals, currently on tour of Canada. "That's no for me. We play for fun. We played an international match in Scotland this year before 70,000 and dinna get a penny. We tear into each other and then we buy the other fellow a drink. I don't drink, mind you, but I'm pleased to buy him one. But if money were to come into Rugby I would no play. Once money gets into it, you're a pawn."

**THEY SAID IT**

- Andy Stynchula, pro football player, on the trade that sent him from the Washington Redskins to the New York Giants: "It was discouraging playing in Washington, the fans got to booing all the time and the acoustics at the new stadium are excellent."
- Bob Gibson, St. Louis pitcher, asked to comment on an outstanding catch by his roommate, Curt Flood: "A great catch is like watching girls go by—the last one you see is always the prettiest."
- George Benton, middleweight, after barely beating Johnny Morris of Pittsburgh: "That man was harder to hit than The Number." **END**






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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 1, 1954

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM

# MUHAMMAD ALI IN AFRICA

*Looking like a slice of Old Testement Hem, the man in the décolleté shower curtain was none other than Muhammad Ali, boxer, social philosopher and world heavyweight champion, come "home" to Ghana and gone native. Celebrating his victory over Sonny Liston, Black Muslim Ali—sometimas known as Cassius Clay—was mobbed by delirious Africans wheraver ha want. He shouted happily, "Who's the king?" "You!" the response came. Then, like a politician running for his life, Ali sampled local food and customs, kissed kids, visitad a hospital, put on a sparring match before 40,000 Ashanti with his brother and then flounced off to visit Ghana's daspotic President Kwame Nkrumeh, whom he pronounced a "graat guy." With that, Ali turnad pensive and lectured, with some exaggeration, on the harsh raalities of life back home. "In Americe," he seid, "everything is white—Jesus, Mosas end the engels. I'm gled to be here with my true people."*



CONTINUED





*At the Accra Press Club in Ghana's capital, volatile Ali settled at the head of Business Manager Archie Robinson to demonstrate to reporters how white liberals try to force racial integration in the U.S. As a Muslim, Ali says he opposes integration. To insure that Ali always toed the orthodox propaganda line, Elijah Muhammed, the movement's leader, sent his own son Herbert along on the trip to Africa.*



*Once he had discharged his Muslim obligations, Ali reverted to his first love—winning friends for himself whenever the opportunity arose, as it did here outside a printing plant in Accra. Another time he started doing the twist at a band concert, was almost swamped by a crowd of 7,000. With a wink Ali said to a friend: "I'll probably be the next president, the power I have in this country."*





*At beach near Accra, Ali sampled a coconut, which he found more palatable than such Ghanaian dishes as groundnut soup. "Beat the champion of the world," Ali said later as some boys approached, but when they tried to take him up, he backed off in mock alarm. "Whoa, brother, you're all right," he told one 8-year-old. Then he was off to collect another crowd*



CONTINUED



*At Kumasi, center of Ghana's Ashanti region, Ali tried mightily to pull up the legendary Okomfo Anokye sword. The sword was planted in the ground two centuries ago by an Ashanti sorcerer who said the nation he had founded would endure as long as the sword remained in place. Visitors are invited to test their strength against the sword, for the Ashanti are certain no one—not even the great Muhammad Ali—can break its moorings. They must be right. Ali tried for five minutes and couldn't budge it.*

*A grimacing Ali stalked his younger brother, Rahman Ali, during six-round exhibition at Kumasi Sports Stadium. Toward the end of the bout, with the King of the Ashanti and thousands of his tribesmen shouting encouragement, Ali feigned grogginess, then fell to the canvas, stunning the crowd. But the champion bounced back to his feet and hurriedly assured everybody it was a put-up job. "If we had been really fighting," he said, "I would have won in one." The crowd gasped its relief.*



*While a policeman menacingly wielded a truncheon to keep Ghana's sign-waving Young Pioneers from breaking ranks and running amok, Ali and his party prepared to leave from airport. The reception that had been given him in Ghana, some residents said, equaled even those that have been accorded President Nkrumah. "I know one thing," said a man. "They never turned out like this for Queen Elizabeth. His effect on the people is simply wonderful to behold. He must be supernatural." Ali was not denying it. "I heard a voice once," he said, "that told me one day I would be a world figure."*



# AT THE FAIR WITH FAT BUSTER

*Buster Mathis, a lively 295-pounder with speed and personality to spare, was an imposing and talkative winner at the Olympic trials last week. He will lead a strong U.S. boxing team to Tokyo*

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

He wobbles. He quivers. He rolls. He shakes. He is a dripping mass of flesh, a monument of fat. He is 6 feet 3 and weighs 295 pounds. His waist is 44, his chest is 52, but sometimes in the heat of action the measurements seem the other way around. Sitting in the corner, he looks like a melting chocolate sundae. He is Buster Mathis, and when he boxes for the heavyweight title at the Tokyo Olympics this fall he is almost sure to be as renowned a champion as Cassius Clay became at Rome in 1960. For all his size, he has speed and grace, a good left and endurance. To the awed spectators who have cheered him to victory so far, Buster Mathis already is a creature of legend. A natural wit and charmingly flamboyant, he may someday even out-Clay Muhammad Ali.

Buster was one of 80 amateur boxers who competed in the U.S. Olympic trials at the New York World's Fair last week. The fights were staggered over three days. Each fight was a three-rounder, each round three minutes. All the contestants wore protective headgear and 10-ounce gloves (gloves will be eight ounces at Tokyo and headgear not permitted). Most of the fighters represented the armed forces, but when the tournament finally was over, team honors went to Buster and his buddies on the 10-man Amateur Athletic Union squad. Besides Buster, three other AAU fighters, Light Middleweight Toby Gibson, Lightweight Ron Harris and Featherweight Charley Brown, won titles, and three others placed as alternates. "It was the easiest team I've handled in 20 years," said Pappy Gault, the AAU coach and the man who sweated Buster into shape, if that is the word to use.

The fights were held in the Singer Bowl, an outdoor stadium seating 18,000. Although admission to the trials was free and the bowl ideally located near the main gate to the fair, attendance was slim. The best crowd was 1,000 on the final night. ABC, confident that somebody out there likes amateur boxing, will show the finals on television July 12.

Buster was the star of the show. Only 19, he is an immensely appealing kid. "I want everybody to like me," he says. An orphan, he comes from Grand Rapids, Mich. His father weighed 300, his mother 180 and three of his four brothers range between 280 and 200. The other brother weighs only 160 but, as Buster says, "He used to beat me up." Buster was the baby of the family, and until his mid-teens he was a scrawny kid of 120. "I was chicken," he says. "Somebody'd say, 'Fight!' and I'd cut it. Man, the boys used to run me home from school. They was on my tail!" When Buster was 15 he began to put on weight with what he calls "the soul food," fried chicken and pinto beans. "I started getting bigger, and I started getting rougher," he says. When his parents died, Paul Collins and Randy Brown, who have a commercial art and sign-painting business, more or less adopted Buster. He baby-sits for their families, runs errands, puts up signs and occasionally is allowed to fill in lettering. His most recent effort was coloring the piano keys on a sign that Collins drew for a music shop. "People automatically take to Buster," says Collins. "He attracts them. He's a wonderful kid. Buster's not a violent person at all. When he gets mad at me, he cries."

Sports take up most of Buster's time. He played defensive tackle in football, and although he has never been clocked he swears he can do the 100 yards in 10.9. "I'm the best roller skater in Grand Rapids," he adds. "I've got a $125 pair of skates *that can do it*!" A friend nods his head and says it is true: "He's really



graceful on skates." Buster started boxing three years ago, and this spring he won the National AAU heavyweight title in Las Vegas. "When I first saw him," says Gault, "I thought, look at this fat, sloppy slob. Then I was amazed. Everybody was. When you first see him in the ring, you say the slob's going to get knocked out. Then you see him fight, and he wins you right there. He's tremendous." Says Buster, "People say, 'Buster, don't you feel bad with all that weight?' But I've never seen a small person beat me at nothin'."

To get the AAU boxers ready for the Olympic trials, Gault took them to Bolling AFB outside Washington, where he is a staff sergeant in a training unit. On the first day of training Buster lost 13 pounds. Earlier this year he had weighed as much as 340. Gault thinks he is fine at about 295. His opponents at the Olympic trials last week would agree. The first two tried headhunting, but Buster was simply too agile and took the decisions. "Buster's got a hell of a defense," says Gault. "They don't hit him on that noggin." For all his fights Buster wore a huge brace on his right leg to prevent his knee from collapsing under his tonnage. The brace is about the size of the circus fat lady's girdle and, had it snapped under stress, half the cheering fans would have been shredded by shrapnel.

The Billy Graham pavilion overlooks the Singer Bowl, and Buster's own hour

*continued*

*Following through after a mighty left, Big Buster gets set to wallop Joe Frazier with a roundhouse right in the Olympic trials heavyweight final.*



of decision came in the last fight of the finals Wednesday night. His opponent was Joe Frazier, who had laid out the two men he had faced, and the feeling in some quarters was that Buster was about to get chopped into chunks, if not little pieces.

Frazier was a solid 195, but Buster still had a 100-pound pull in the weights. And he had his speed. Instead of hunting for the head, Frazier moved in to pound Buster's belly, which shook and glinted under the lights. Buster managed to keep Frazier at bay with a whistling left hook (each one thrown with a loud grunt, "uuunnnnhhh!"), and even when Frazier did manage to get inside, his punches were smothered by flab. As Pappy says, "Buster's got an extra layer of fat on that stomach that stops the punches."

Buster took the first round easily, and he got the second round, a tossup, when the referee penalized Frazier two points for hitting low. When the bell rang for the third, Frazier, desperate, took after Buster, who galloped around the ring. "Buster's on a bicycle!" shouted a ringsider. "Built for two!" added a wit. In the melee that followed, Buster staggered Frazier with a wild right that decided the fight for good. Buster's right is not the most effective punch in the world—it will remind wrestling fans of Johnny Valentine's Atomic Skull Crusher—but it serves in a pinch. Of course the decision went to Buster, but then many of the fans who had been cheering him inexplicably started booing. Buster just smiled. This apparently happens to him all the time. "If someone don't boo for me," he says, "I don't feel I did a good job."

While Buster literally overshadowed everyone else in the trials, the most impressive winner was his teammate, Toby Gibson, 22, who won the light middleweight (156 pounds) championship. Born in Oklahoma and raised in Spokane, he is a junior majoring in sociology at Eastern Washington State College. Likable and articulate, he has been boxing on and off for the last seven years. His amateur record now shows 74 wins and four defeats, and how he ever lost is a mystery. He is a fine boxer and superb puncher, and 54 of his victories have been either by knockouts or TKOs. He is so talented that a rough, tough Polish kid named Marty Berzewski, who made the Olympic team as an alternate, entered the middleweight (165.5 pounds) division to avoid him. The first and last time they met, Gibson flattened him in one round. According to Jim Reilly, Gibson's coach and former captain of the Gonzaga boxing team when it was national champion, Toby is so devastating that he cannot get fights at home. He has to box prison amateurs, and if he had only managed to knock out an Indian heavyweight doing a stretch in the Montana state pen, he now would have 15 straight KOs.

*Toby Gibson, most impressive Olympic trials fighter, belabors Gary Brown in semifinals.*



*At the World's Fair*, Gibson was so impressive that a professional fight manager privately called him "the best prospect since Joe Louis." Gibson flatly says he will never turn pro, he plans to be a teacher. In his first fight he knocked out Willie Joiner of the Navy in one round. In his second he knocked out Gary Brown of Provo, Utah in the third. Brown went to the hospital with a broken jaw. In Gibson's final bout he knocked out Ray Owens of the Army in the third. He would have knocked him out in the second, but Owens, apparently dizzied by a right, oddly snapped back into this world when hit with another. But when Owens went down in the third from a savage right-hand chop, he stayed there. Gibson, who is genuinely modest, was surprised that the referee even bothered to count. "Usually they just wave their hands," he says. "This time the guy counted all the way to 10." Reilly, who worked the corner with Pappy Gault, was exuberant. "Spokane has never had an Olympic entry before," he said. "He'll get red headlines in the sports page!"

Another AAU winner was Ron Harris, who won an easy decision over Bobby Valdez of the Navy for the lightweight title. Only 17, Harris is Buster's roommate when they travel to AAU bouts, and they pass the time arguing over which one is uglier. "They both like to

*continued*

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cut one another up and call each other names," Gibson says. "They like it. But once one of us starts it, they say, 'Get off my man, man!'"

With their antics Harris and Buster kept Gibson and the rest of their teammates in good spirits for the trials. Whenever an AAU boxer was about to go into the ring, they would exhort him to bring "Fire and brimstone!" into the battle. Harris kept threatening that he was going to put on weight and fight Buster as a heavyweight. "Man," said Buster, "it's best you better get hit by a car!"

All considered, the U.S. should have four or five medal winners in Tokyo. Other trial winners who were impressive are Jimmy Rosette, a Navy middleweight who beat Berzewski, and Maurice Frilot, who has won the Marine welterweight championship four straight years and the Interservice title the last three. Frilot, a left-hander, had a rousing final with Jesse Valdez of Houston, a 16-year-old member of the AAU team who had been ballyhooed as the boy to watch before the trials began. The decision could have gone either way, and Valdez has been chosen for the Olympic team as an alternate. Should Frilot be unable to compete, Valdez will fill in nicely. He is a lean, lithe counterpuncher, the type that impresses Olympic judges, who are often dismayed by the good-hit, no-field style American boxers usually employ.

Perhaps an even tougher defeat for Pappy Gault was Herb Dolloson's loss in the featherweight final. Gault is Dolloson's legal guardian, but through a quirk in the rules Pappy wound up working in the corner of Charley Brown of the AAU, Dolloson's opponent. Pappy had no choice but to tell Brown that Dolloson had difficulty fighting inside, and Brown, in a very close fight, did just enough of that to win. Happily, Dolloson was picked as an alternate.

The Olympic squad will meet at Hamilton Air Force Base near San Francisco this September for a final workout before Tokyo. Buster plans to weigh in at 275. "At 275 I'm so fast I forget myself," he says. He works on his speed by sparring against lightweights. Once, he says, he took on two at the same time. "I moved so fast," he says, "that they knocked one another out." He can hardly wait to fight for the title in Tokyo. "Man," he exclaims, "I'm *gonna* bring it back alive! And I ain't gonna be no Muslim either." **END**





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# OVER, UNDER AND OVER AGAIN

*What happened to 'Doubloon' in the midst of a wild Gulf Stream storm shouldn't happen to a yawl, and skeptical experts say it couldn't. But, according to those who were there, it could and did* **by HUGH WHALL**




*Looking like the vanquished in an 18th century naval battle, the yawl* Doubloon *lies battered and bruised alongside a Charleston pier.*

There is a fancy little gadget aboard Joseph C. Byars' ocean-racing yawl *Doubloon* that is called a Weathercaster. It spent the day of Sunday, May 3, dutifully predicting winds of 45 to 75 knots all along the Gulf Stream. The trouble was that Byars, a cautious Tampa real estate man who had sailed his sturdy little 39-footer to a Southern Ocean Racing Conference championship in 1963, did not believe it. "I didn't think the weather around the Stream could be that bad this time of year," was the way he put it later. But, as it turned out, the Weathercaster was right and Joe Byars was wrong, and what happened to *Doubloon* as a result had yachtsmen all up and down the East Coast saying, "I don't believe it," to Joe Byars.

With Byars in command, experienced small-boat sailor Gene Hinkel, 22, as his mate and two inexperienced youngsters named Roger Ryll and Melvin Brunet as crew, *Doubloon* was bound out of St. Augustine for Newport to take part in the forthcoming Bermuda race. Byars' plan was to catch the three-knot flow of the Gulf Stream as early as possible and hitchhike effortlessly northward on it. The plan worked fine all during the first day and night. Under a starless sky the wind rose and fell fitfully, then clocked around to the southeast. "With the Gulf Stream's help, we were making about hull speed," said Byars later, using the sailor's term that means maximum speed possible for a boat. But at dawn the wind shifted, and later "we began encountering very large swells from the northeast."

*Doubloon*'s skipper thought then that these were seas left over from a previous storm. Actually, they were telegraphing a blow that was soon to lash the little ocean racer with the sudden fury of a galley master gone mad. By 5 o'clock on Sunday night the wind was blowing at a gale-force 40 mph and soon built to more than 60. When the first squall hit, Byars altered his course south and began to run before the big seas under

bare poles. All hatches were secured, the ports closed and held tight by an extra turn on the dogs that made them fast. The boat was buttoned up tight, and a storm jib stood ready for hoisting if it should seem necessary. One precaution Joe Byars did not take, however, was that of trailing a large line, or drogue, over the stern to slow the boat's forward progress and to keep it from pitching forward and somersaulting over on the downward slope of the waves. "This," Byars admitted later, "was possibly a mistake." One big wave swept over *Doubloon*'s transom, swept her skipper forward into the deckhouse as though he were a body surfer and knocked young Brunet right out of the boat. He was saved by the lifeline he wore around his waist. After that Byars altered course to take the seas on his quarter, but the worst was still to come. About 10 p.m., after riding along without taking on any more big waves, the "hardest smash," in Joe Byars' phrase, "that I have ever encountered from a wave" hit *Doubloon*, swinging her around and pressing down on her side until her masts lay flat on the water. She was over so far and lay there so long that Byars and Brunet, both of whom were washed overboard, did not even have to climb back aboard; they just pulled themselves in by their lifelines over the submerged rail.

A flat-down capsize is no great rarity in a centerboard sloop racing on a gusty Sunday afternoon. The crew just sits there on the side or the bottom, using the floating hull itself as a life preserver, and waits for the yacht-club launch to come and tow the whole mess home. But for a heavily ballasted ocean racer alone on a stormy sea it is a very different story. Slowly, as the enormous weight of the lead on her keel took hold, *Doubloon* righted herself. To keep her that way, Byars pointed her bow into the screaming wind. There, like a gull in a gale, she sat for a while riding the huge waves.

At midnight, exhausted and aching, Byars turned the helm over to Gene Hinkel and went below to the dark cabin to catch a moment of surcease from the deafening roar of wind and water.

About one hour later it happened. To second-guessing yachtsmen, all snug in their club bars, it seemed an impossibility, yet every one of the four men aboard that blown and buffeted little vessel swears that what they say happened did happen, not once but twice, and they swear it like men who know. *Doubloon*, a 39-foot-long yawl weighing more than 20,000 pounds, was hit so hard by first one and then another wave that she twice rolled over a full 360° and came right side up again.

"As I recollect it," said Byars, describing the first rollover in the security of his Tampa living room last week, "the bow was knocked down a little. Then there was a smash that sounded as if the boat had been stove in. She went down on her beam ends and maybe paused for a split second. Then she continued right on over. She completed the roll and was suddenly upright again. We were all thrown in a heap to the side of the cabin, to the ceiling, then back to the cabin sole. I quickly regained my feet and tore out the companionway. All of us thought *Doubloon* would quickly fill and sink. Everything was gone. All the masts, spars —and Gene. I looked and hollered for him. I could see and hear nothing."

There were two emergency life rings, equipped with lights, up in the bow, and Byars crawled forward to free these. He found one jammed fast by the bent fitting to which it was fastened. The other, by some providential turn, was floating free on the water, its light winking assurance. Byars comforted himself with the thought that if Hinkel were still alive he might see it.

Only a few minutes had passed since *Doubloon* did her rollover, but when Byars went below again he expected to find the boat already full of water. It wasn't. Builder Paul E. Luke must have done a superb job, because the water was not yet up to *Doubloon*'s floorboards. Ryll and Brunet began to pump it out. They were engaged in this effort when the companionway hatch suddenly opened and Gene Hinkel tripped below. "Joe," said the ghost to his open-mouthed shipmates, "I'm terribly sorry. I just lost your masts."

Of the wave that rolled them, Gene, the only man on deck at the time, said later, "I knew before it hit that we were going over. I could see the white phosphorus up high over my head, and then it hit." Lashed to *Doubloon* with two lifelines and the mainsheet, Hinkel's first thought was that he would be tied to the boat and dragged down when she sank. Before he could free himself, *Doubloon* rolled and the water seemed to thrust him forward and down. "I just kept my mouth shut," said Hinkel—and a moment later he bobbed up alongside. All the time he was in the water he could hear Byars yelling for him, but the wind whipped his answering cries away.

All through that night *Doubloon*, battered and beaten, lay hove to with the naked look of a plucked bird. Occasionally an extra-large sea would sweep right over her, but she was riding on a relatively even keel, and her reunited crew, sealed below, was beginning to recover from its ordeal. One wave was so big it hurled the broken rigging, spars and all, from the windward side of the boat to the leeward side. In all, Byars figures, they took about 15 of these extra-big ones, then—just at dawn on Monday—the biggest one of all. "Oh, my God," said the skipper, "we're going over again." And, according to all on board, over she went: down on her beam ends, keel up and out of water, the cabin darkening as it submerged, and right around till the deck was uppermost again. "I can't say I wasn't afraid, because I was," *Doubloon*'s skipper said later. "But in the end surviving at sea boils down to one thing. If you can keep the water out of the boat, you'll make it."

Whatever else had happened to *Doubloon* out there in the Gulf Stream, one thing is certain: she managed by some miracle to keep the water out. Towed to Charleston, S.C. by first a freighter, then a succession of Coast Guard cutters, the once-neat yawl looked more like a floating trash can than a boat. Both her masts were gone, and her booms as well; so were her spinnaker poles. Her pulpits were bent; her lifelines were tangled; one metal ventilator was sheered clean off at its base; the binnacle, the compass, the tiller, even a winch were uprooted.

Despite this evidence, the skeptics still say that *Doubloon* didn't really roll over. They say that a crew worn out by high winds and big seas is prone to hallucinate and legitimately believe things happen that really don't.

Maybe so. But there is one significant difference between all these theorizing yachtsmen and the men aboard *Doubloon*: the men aboard *Doubloon* were there. **END**

# SPEED IN BRIGHT REPOSE

No sporting event on earth has a greater number of parts, bits and pieces than the Indianapolis 500-mile race. As Driver A. J. Foyt (*see page 78*) and the 32 others prepare themselves mentally for Saturday's 48th "500," their crews with loving, even fanatical, care dismantle and reassemble the racing cars, paint and polish them, fuss and fidget with them and arrange the hundreds of tools, gimmicks and gadgets without which the race cannot be run. Just as the spectators see the race itself in fragments—the track is too big to be viewed as a whole—strollers in the pits and in Gasoline Alley during the month of May absorb the preparatory scene as a kaleidoscope of bright miniatures. They find unending fascination in cars laid open for emergency surgery in the garages and inspect the components of new engine, chassis and suspension designs with rapt and reverent attention. In the Indianapolis sampler on the following pages the camera's eye darts here and there amid that crazy quilt of shapes and scenes, pausing at a car's nosepiece of extravagant hue, the shining skin of an Offenhauser racer, the gloved hands of a keyed-up driver. Anticipation is in every scene: all the parts will come together on race day to compose the sound, speed and fury that make a "500."

**Photographs by MARTIN NATHAN**

*The freshly painted electric-orange nose of an Offenhauser roadster dries in Gasoline Alley before a pit blackboard used to flash information to a "500" driver.*


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*Flamboyant attire is part of the scene, and this picture reveals what happens sartorially when a Westerner becomes associated with a car known as the Orange Juice Special. He naturally puts on orange pants and Sunday boots.*



*Tools are as specialized as a surgeon's. These hammers, laid out on the pit wall, have but one function, and that is to knock wheel-securing wing nuts on and off. Heads of malleable bronze will not damage the magnesium wing nuts.*

*Tires must be instantly available for quick changes. Many crews prop them up like this in the pit lane. A car rolls in. A crewman plucks off the old rubber, pivots to seize a new tire and slaps it on—all in a matter of seconds.*



*Fuel tanks bearing racing alcohol under nitrogen pressure deliver up to 50 gallons in a 20-second stop. After flicking open a quick-release cap (of the kind on the Offenhauser at right), a pit man slams a nozzle in and fills 'er up.*








*Decals splashed along the cars' sides reflect a fight nearly as competitive as the "500" itself, revealing at a glance the accessory products used. Since a "500" victory gives tires and batteries and such an undeniable cachet, there is a sharp rivalry among the accessory people to land the foremost drivers*

*Among the little things that mean a great deal at Indy are air holes drilled into the roadsters' plastic windshields. Everything on the cars gets hot. Cooling air from these apertures helps keep the driver from cooking in his cockpit.*



*Prerace tension cannot be dispelled by the most elaborate and meticulous preparations. Here Rodger Ward, the 43-year-old master who has twice won the "500," clasps his hands tautly before going to the starting line.*



# NO BUSINESS LIKE GO BUSINESS

The Indianapolis "500" is part racing, part Hoosier picnic and part big business. Business has never been better, as the profusion of product decals on the opposite page attests. The reason is not elusive. The "500" gets bigger and more glamorous every year, and business likes to smear some of that glamour on its products just as a youngster likes to spread strawberry jam on a slice of plain white bread.

There are three basic ways in which business can reach for the jam jar. The first is to sponsor a car. The second is to put up prize money for top finishers using your product. The third is to pay a car owner or driver or both for using your product.

Sponsorship costs up to $7,000 or so for first-rate cars and entitles the sponsor to top billing on the car's flank. Examples: the Kaiser Aluminum Special and the MG Liquid Suspension Special.

Putting up prize money is the old, established entree for accessory companies marketing products that can be used for almost any car: tires, fuel, sparkplugs, piston rings and such. This method became entrenched, and when in recent years some newcomers began paying off in advance and laying on free supplies there was dark talk that they were subverting the American Way.

There still is. Subversion is rife this year. Probably the highest bidders invading the "500" are the oil companies: Humble, Marathon and Pure. Humble has paid an estimated $35,000 to Milwaukee's Bob Wilke (for whom Rodger Ward won the "500" in 1959 and 1962) to ensure that Wilke fills up his two 1964 models with Humble gas and oil. Wilke does not even bother to plead the Fifth Amendment. "I'm all for it," he says. "It helps a first-class operation, and it has done much for racing by helping offset the high cost of development."

Pure takes a more orthodox line by sponsoring Bobby Marshman's Lotus-Ford as the Firebird Special, but Marathon is going Humble's route, grabbing Driver Eddie Sachs by stuffing the pockets of his car's three owners. There is a certain insecurity in this method, as Sachs demonstrated by cracking up the car in practice. (He later repaired the damage and qualified.)

The Humble and Marathon moves have incensed Mobil, long the No. 1 supplier of "500" racing fuel and a staunch "no-deal" standpatter. Mobil continues to offer prize money, chipping in $15,500 toward the record accessory package of $211,000. Pure, Marathon and Humble are by no means pikers in this respect, contributing $35,000, $35,000 and $15,500 respectively.

A similar wrangle involves the tire companies. Although Firestone, pursuing its 41st consecutive victory, faces the stiffest opposition ever, it is playing the game the old way. Firestone does not give away racing tires but sells them at about $250 a set and offers $15,000 in prizes for users of its rubber. Goodyear, an aggressive new participant at Indy, also sells its tires and puts up an identical sum.

The dissenters are Dunlop and Sears, Roebuck. Sears has developed new Allstate racing tires specifically for the speed whiz Mickey Thompson and his three cars and is also sponsoring the cars. Dunlop, the big tire name in international road racing, does at Indy what it does abroad—makes contracts with teams and provides tires gratis. Dunlop supplies the hot new Lotus-Fords of Jim Clark and Dan Gurney, the Brabham built for Tulsa's Jack Zink, and the Novi-powered British Ferguson four-wheel-drive creation.

"This is quite the acceptable way for us, you know," says Dunlop's racing manager, Vic Barlow. "The drivers are paid according to status, and we have found that our fellows in Europe would rather have the money in hand and know what they are going to get than gamble for it."

The quaint custom of slapping decals on the racers started in 1939 with a sticker or two. They have proliferated to such a degree that the U.S. Auto Club, the rulesmaking body for Indy-style racing, has appointed a committee to certify that each of the products so represented is actually used. **END**





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# STRAIGHT MAN IN A TWISTY RACE

**A forgotten expatriate, Buddy Edelen returns to Yonkers to prove he is the best American marathon runner ever** ***by JOHN LOVESEY***

Marathoners are a breed unto themselves, and Buddy Edelen (he pronounces the name *eed*alen), the forgotten American who has run the fastest and third-fastest marathons of all time and may become the first from his country to win the event in the Olympics since Johnny Hayes's victory in 1908, is no exception. He runs races minus socks. Whenever he eats a beef sandwich he first removes the top layer of bread to rip all the fat from the meat. In competition, before pinning an identifying number to his chest he will tear off any excess paper from around the actual numeral itself, on the theory that the least amount of weight or wind resistance to overcome is best for his time.

His eccentricities begin early. His first action upon awakening each morning, even before he springs out of bed, is to reach for his wrist and check his pulse to see that it is throbbing along at a steady 38 per minute. His pulse, his weight, his hours of sleep, details of his workout and numerous other items concerning his well-being that day will be carefully recorded on paper before he turns in that night and eventually mailed to Fred Wilt, the old Indiana long-distance runner. Wilt is now an FBI man but he has never lost his taste for track, and in what spare time he has left from chasing down bank robbers and most-wanted criminals he carries on a voluminous correspondence with coaches and athletes around the world. He has coached Edelen by mail since 1960, and last Sunday the thousands of words and hundreds of 15¢ postage stamps seemed eminently worthwhile. In a U.S. Olympic marathon trial, Edelen fought off humid, 90° temperatures on the hilly 26-mile 385-yard Yonkers, N.Y. course and won by almost four miles, thereby becoming the first track man to be selected for the U.S. Olympic team.

Hardly a facet of marathon running exists that Wilt and Edelen have not investigated at some time, including running in training without taking a breath. Edelen reached a stage where he could exhale and sprint 300 yards before gasping another lungful. He once tried running to music by carrying a transistor radio, but the problem was keeping the set on the correct station as he pounded along. "I would love to run to the music of *Quo Vadis*," says Edelen, "but I get

bebop." Wilt even had Edelen hypnotized, planting the suggestion in his mind that pain is pleasure, but the precaution was useless. If Edelen had not already become convinced of that masochistic theory he probably would not be running marathons in the first place.

Edelen's odd behavior could, with little trouble, guarantee him a place in the first ranks of health faddists. This, however, is exactly what he is not. Like almost no other finely conditioned athlete you have ever heard of, Edelen drinks beer almost every day, smokes occasionally to calm his nerves, has a fine sense of humor and pursues—and is pursued by—pretty European girls, who often grow quite emotional over "Boody's" light brown hair, hazel eyes, long, pointed ears and narrow, whimsical chin. A Midwesterner who went with a gang of roughnecks in his youth, skirting the edge of juvenile delinquency, Edelen has taught English to English schoolchildren at King John's School in Thundersley since 1960, and by living the way he does has done more to enhance the image of athletics in England than any other performer since Chris Chataway, who smoked a cigar in front of the Russians after beating iron man (and ulcer ridden) Vladimir Kuts.

But all is not just fun and games for Leonard Graves Edelen IV, a former resident, among numerous places, of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., where high schoolers spent their Saturdays this spring washing cars to raise money to bring him to Yonkers. At 7 a.m. on a damp English morning an alarm clock breaks the silence of his bed-sitting room in Westcliff in Essex, and he rises. Normally he would sleep naked, but to keep warm in his cold room he goes to bed wearing his running shorts and a long-sleeved shirt. This is useful because when he gets out of bed all he has to do is pull a sweat shirt over his head and put on his soft running shoes. Bunched up slightly, as if to ward off the chill, he next moves across the room, which is decorated with trophies, to a stove. He brews himself enough coffee for two cups, makes some toast, on which he spreads honey, and reads the morning newspaper. About an hour later, after pinning his door key to his shorts and pulling a woolen hat down over his ears, he goes downstairs to the street.

As Edelen snaps into action he looks somewhat like a surprised rooster in full flight. His feet peck at the ground with a precise rhythm, but he seems to be sitting back on his heels, and his arms frequently move as if they are in a transport of their own. The style is ugly and defies logic, but the pace is as regular as a Beatle beat.

The run takes him to school, where he has left the clothes he will teach in that day. It is four and a half miles long and most of it steadily uphill. When he arrives after 25 minutes he does 25 to 30 situps in the school gym before taking a shower. At lunchtime all he eats is a single cheese sandwich. If he ate more, he says, he would not be ready for the training runs he takes after school.

Each Sunday, Edelen goes for a 23-mile run in the morning, and then generally increases the total mileage for the day to 28 by going out in the evening to do a steady two-mile run followed by 10-times-110 easy strides followed by a two-mile run home. On Tuesdays he follows his run home from school with roughly a dozen quarter miles at about 64 to 65 seconds each, with a minute's jog between. After school on Wednesday he does a 15-mile run at a faster pace than the 23-mile run on Sunday. He totals about 120 miles of running a week, and when it is warm he sometimes has a swim in the sea. Frequently his training carries him from Westcliff-on-Sea into neighboring Southend, which is a minor sort of Coney Island, with gaudy signs advertising amusements, novelty hats—on which are printed slogans like "I am a Virgin (Islander)"—fish and chips, eels and oysters. In the summer when the promenade is crammed with holidaymakers, the sight of Edelen grinding out his relentless schedule provokes occasional laughter. In a rare moment of bitterness Edelen remarked. "You wonder where the hell they were in January."

Edelen's evenings are spent either with an English family or in a local pub. He drinks beer because his stomach cannot take food too soon after his vigorous workouts. Normally he manages two or three pints of his favorite drink, Guinness stout, which contains a mixture of vitamins, mineral salts and protein that not only replaces Edelen's lost body fluid but provides sustenance in an easily assimilated form. It also helps Edelen, an insomniac, to sleep and, as Edelen points out, England's national health service prescribes Guinness for nursing mothers.

Before dropping into bed each night Edelen cooks his main solid meal of the day, normally just a piece of grilled meat or fish. The only other usual items of his diet are a few peanuts and chocolate. Despite this, he seems almost absurdly convinced that he is a compulsive eater, but his concern is understandable. Marathon runners have to be thin, since a thinner body gets rid of heat more quickly.

By such strenuous methods Buddy Edelen has developed himself into the best marathon runner the United States has ever had. An American, however, could not be faulted for wondering whether, after Edelen's long residence in England, he was still an American at all. To hear him talk you would not think so. He says "shan't" when he probably should say "won't." He calls his apartment a flat. He refers to his track clothes as his kit. He speaks with a broad accent, causing his pupils in school to remark that while he does not sound entirely English, he does not really sound Yankee either. Touring Russia last summer with the American track team, he proved a source of amusement to his comrades because of his queer speech. After several weeks of associating only with Americans, however, his accent began to fade. "You're starting to sound almost human again," his teammates informed him.

Buddy Edelen was born in Harrodsburg, Ky., and his early life was a series of disturbing upsets and crushing frustrations. His mother was put in a hospital when he was only 7, and he has not seen her since. His father, now a successful Sioux Falls television executive, worked on the road during Buddy's youth and had little time for his son. Buddy lived for a while with his mother's sister. When his father moved to Wisconsin, he put Buddy into a Roman Catholic boarding school where, although not a Catholic, he began to contemplate a life as a priest. His father eventually remarried, and it was after this that Buddy, never getting on too well with his stepmother, came close to becoming a delinquent.

A life of crime eventually faded in favor of a life of track. In running Buddy Edelen found peace of mind. "No one

*continued*

really accepts you as being sane if you run as much as I do a week," he confesses. "But if I rest a day or two after doing this tremendous amount of exercise, I feel very irritable and nervous. It's as if something has been stolen from me. Training gives me a feeling of tranquillity.

"The reason I took up distance running as opposed to sprinting is merely that I'm virtually devoid of any natural speed," he says (although the facts do not support him). "I'm just a plodder. Track runners consider me very, very slow. They say I have no kick, and that if they're with me in the last 400 yards they're bound to get past. Marathon men, on the other hand, think I'm fantastically fast. 'Beware of Edelen in the last mile,' they say. But this is only because I mix track running with marathon running. The fastest I've run the mile is about 4:16 or 4:17 on the way to two miles. I would say the more speed you have the faster you will be able to run the marathon. If you have God-given speed to run a mile in four minutes and the mental tenacity to develop the endurance, there's no predicting what times are possible. I foresee men running the marathon in 1 hour and 50 minutes."

Edelen's first sport was not running but football. His father remembers him as a left end who "wasn't very good, but once he got the ball no one could catch him." Buddy scoffs at anything that tends to damage his largely self-made image as a plodder. Actually, he played tackle on the C squad at St. Louis Park High School in Minneapolis, where his family lived for a short while. A hernia operation before his sophomore year ended an unpromising football career. He was then four inches below his present height of 5 feet 10 inches but weighed 155 pounds and was known, not always flatteringly, as "Butterball Bud." His stepmother urged him to run track to slim down. Though now 135 pounds, he still has a weight problem and can put on 10 pounds merely by not training for two days.

Edelen worked hard during his last two years of high school, spent in Sioux Falls, won the mile in the South Dakota state championships and received scholarship offers from Minnesota and Nebraska. He chose Minnesota, but because his father's financial condition was good, he could receive only partial aid. He had to work to support himself, and one of his summer jobs almost proved fatal. Repairing a roof in 120° heat, he collapsed. Rushed to a hospital, he was found to be almost completely dehydrated. He had also developed acute lung congestion and kidney trouble which even now bother him when he has pushed his training too hard.

At Minnesota, Edelen set several records in winning Big Ten track and cross-country titles and might have done better if he had not been dogged by injuries. The conference track championships in 1959 at Purdue altered his career. There he met Fred Wilt. Soon after, Wilt arranged through a Helsinki businessman for Edelen to travel to Finland that summer to work and compete in track meets. He was severely trounced by the more mature European distance runners, but he learned fast, returned to the United States, set an American record for 10,000 meters and then, stunningly, finished far back in the Olympic trials. Wilt blames the failure on Edelen's obsession with his weight. "I think he didn't eat enough," says Wilt. "He had a blood test right after the race and we discovered his hemoglobin count was down to 12.5 grams per 100 cc. This means he was even more than anemic."

Wilt later arranged Edelen's present teaching job through Derek Cole, an English friend. Edelen arrived in England in 1960 and, except for one brief visit to America to run in several indoor track meets, he has not been home since. Says Edelen: "I was so happy living in England that at the end of six months I decided to stay on longer. I kept saying to myself that next year I'd be going back home, but I never have."

In England he first gained prominence in 1961 by winning an important 20-mile road race. Then in April 1962, he won a 10-mile race in 48:31.8. This was the

continued



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fourth fastest time in history and an American record. That June he ran the first marathon of his life, the classic Windsor to Chiswick race on the outskirts of London, a race that is occasionally started by the Queen.

Edelen says, somewhat facetiously, that he entered the event just for the chance to meet the Queen. After being introduced to Queen Elizabeth, it was all downhill, and he finished a bedraggled ninth. Edelen swore off the marathon. "I didn't ever want to go through as much pain, torture and hell again," recalls Edelen. "I was actually crying."

Swearing off the marathon is something that all marathoners do but, like alcoholics recovered from a lost weekend, promptly forget. Edelen's school headmaster persuaded him to have another go. In a gale-force wind, Edelen won the Cardiff marathon in 2 hours 22 minutes, missing Jim Peters' course record by mere seconds. "That's when I decided I'd found my event," says Edelen.

He truly had. Last May he entered the Athens marathon and won in 2 hours 23.6 minutes, cutting 38 seconds off the previous course record set by 1960 Olympic Champion Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia. Within four weeks he lined up for the Windsor to Chiswick marathon again. The Queen was not there this time, unfortunately, for Edelen was in good form. "I knew I was moving with tremendous mechanical efficiency," he said later. "At 15 miles I thought to myself, 'Not much more than 10 left,' and I went." With a slight breeze to push him, he averaged just over five minutes for each mile and won in 2 hours 14:28 minutes, a time that was 47.8 seconds faster than the world's best previous performance, by Toru Terasawa of Japan. The English papers groused for a while over whether or not the course was 60 yards short, a purely academic discussion since, because of varying terrains, no official world records are accepted in the marathon. But the importance of Edelen's performance could not be overlooked, nor could the fact that he duplicated his form at Kosice, Czechoslovakia, Europe's most famous marathon, four months later. There, before 30,000 spectators at the finish line (with perhaps double that number having watched him on the course), Edelen won by half a mile over Russia's Sergei Popov in 2 hours 15:09.6 minutes, the fastest time ever recorded on an out-and-back course and the third best marathon of all time.



TOASTING FRIENDS WITH GUINNESS STOUT, EDELEN RELAXES AFTER STRENUOUS DAY

Despite its obvious propaganda value, hardly a word of Edelen's victory leaked out to the United States. But then marathon running, outside of Boston, has rarely excited the juices of the American public. "Quite honestly they couldn't care less how I run over here," Edelen said before leaving England for the Yonkers' Olympic trials, "and you can rest assured the AAU will not lift a finger to bring me back no matter how well I run. I'm looking out for No. 1, myself, now, and I shall remain in the environment I enjoy until just before the trials."

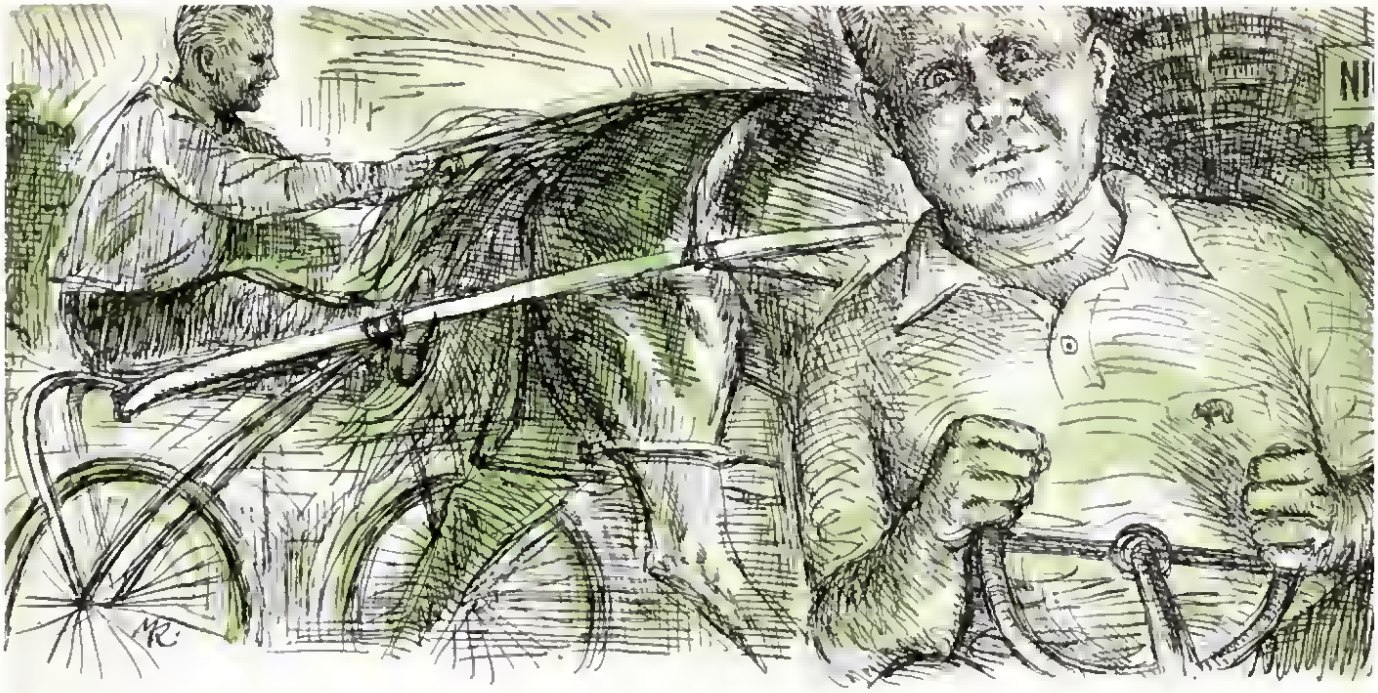
A man of his word, Edelen arrived in Yonkers three days before the race. The midsummer weather could not have been worse for a person who had trained in the cool of an English spring, but Edelen ignored the heat that all but fried his nearest competitors. He finished a full 20 minutes ahead of Adolph Gruber and announced, "I did it on my alcoholic reserve."

Edelen is now confident that he is in the best condition of his life. "I believe in the theory," he says, "that if a man is subjected to a certain degree of stress over a period of time, his body gradually adapts itself to tolerate the strains. I think that each year you must become stronger and stronger. You either get better in this game or you get worse. You must move on to harder and faster training every year, to a certain degree. I have found over the past few years, apart from a few days and some minor pains, I haven't really been forced out of action at all. The longest period of time I've gone without training has been three days in the last four years."

If only because he has brought a stimulating originality to the exhausting world of long-distance running, Edelen would be a most welcome winner at the Olympics. After his triumph at Kosice another American marathoner, Hal Higdon, whose training habits are impeccable but who barely got back into the stadium to witness the award ceremony, was astounded to see the conqueror of the Soviets pull out a pack of cigarettes.

"That does it," sighed Higdon. "I'm taking up beer and cigarettes."

"No, no," pleaded Edelen. "First you must train bloody hard. Think of how good I might be if I didn't have these vices." **END**



THE LIFE I LEAD: PART IV

# SO I PUT A COAT ON ARNIE

BY JACK NICKLAUS

*The author concludes his journal with an account of what his season has all led up to—the Masters. He is surprised to find himself driving a horse, flying an airplane and shoeless in Greensboro, and surprised, too, at what happens in Augusta, where he loses to Palmer and thinks—just for a moment—that he has nothing left to play for this year*

## FAST CAR—FAST HORSE

So this is it. The stretch run to the Masters. One week to think, one week to get set, and then the first tee at Augusta. Nobody has ever won the Masters twice in a row, and now I have a chance, a good chance. And a start on the Grand Slam? What if I lose? I have spent all winter keying on this one tournament. If I lose, will I want to play any more golf this year—will I even be able to play any more golf? A scary thought. A loss at Augusta would kind of make 1964 just another year. Daydreams.

Daydreamers get speeding tickets. I will never be accused of speeding on a golf course, but I seem to get my share of tickets on the highways. I was barely out of bed the Monday morning after the Doral tournament before a highway patrolman was handing me one. I was on my way to play in a pro-amateur event at Lost Tree Club, which is just north of Palm Beach, and was doing about 35 in a 25-mph speed zone. I was not more than half a dozen blocks from the house when it happened. Boom! $20.

The following day another big Nicklaus travel snafu began. I guess when you travel a lot you have to expect some problems, especially when you have to make last-minute changes. No wonder Arnold Palmer has owned a plane for so long. This time I had seven reservations for our return to Columbus. The group included Barbara and the two children, my dad and Barb's mother and father. Our reservations were confirmed on the phone. On Wednesday I

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DRAWING BY MICHAEL RAMUS

go to the airline office to pick up the tickets and learn that the flight I am on does not operate anymore. Now come the problems. About six jillion college kids want to fly north at the same time I do. I finally get us on a flight the following day that would stop at Tampa and Cincinnati. We would change at Cincinnati, stop at Dayton and finally reach Columbus late the same day. (It was a long trip, but not nearly as long as the one taken by the three suitcases I decided to send on by Railway Express. They arrived 10 days later.) Why am I going to Columbus? Well, one reason is that Barbara had planned to get home in time for her once-a-month Thursday-night bridge-club meeting. She's a competitor, too. And I figured I could practice for a week in Columbus if the weather was warm, or go down and play in the Greensboro Open if Columbus was too cold.

We got back to Columbus without any more trouble—but Barbara finished out of the money at the bridge club. And it was cold. By the end of the week I was beginning to get a little itchy about my game because I had not hit a golf shot since the pro-am at Lost Tree. I decided to play at Greensboro. Meanwhile I had plenty to keep me busy at home, to keep my mind occupied. Our new house is nearing completion, and on Saturday I went over to the farm where my harness horse, Bervaldo, is stabled. My trainer, Bill Evilsizor, invited me and some of my friends to watch him work Tarport John, a half brother to Del Miller's money winner of last year, Tarport Doug. Bill hopped off the training sulky and handed me the reins. "Here," he said, "you work him." Me work him? I had not been on a horse since the eighth grade, much less steered one from behind. I didn't know how to turn him or stop him, and I felt about as secure on that tiny seat as I would have on the top of a flagpole. One bump and you are in the air. But my buddies were laughing like crazy, and I was not going to let them get away with that. I took the horse around the track twice, not caring to think what a sprained wrist could cost. Great fun!

Barb and I were planning to get together in the evening with a group of our friends, but everyone seemed vague about it, so we dropped the idea and made a dinner date with a dentist friend of ours, Jack Lewis, and his wife Diane. We decided to eat at the Columbus Country Club, where the PGA Championship will be played in July. What do I find when I get there? All the buddies who were so casual about what they planned to do that night. It was a going-away surprise party. There were two big cakes, one saying, "Good Luck at the Masters," the other, "Let's Make it a Grand Slam Year." They knew exactly what was on my mind.

I had planned to fly to Augusta on Sunday night to get in a couple of practice rounds at the Augusta National course before going on to Greensboro, but the plane was late at Columbus and I would have missed my connections in Charlotte. So I chartered a plane to fly to Augusta the next morning. Whatever the cost, I was going to be ready.

THE SCOREBOARD

| | |
|---|---|
| Miles this week: | 1,300 |
| Miles to date: | 14,360 |
| Winnings this week: | $550 |
| Winnings to date: | $19,577 |

## THE LAST OF THE GREAT SHORT HITTERS—ME

On Monday morning I flew into Augusta. I played a practice round with Palmer, Dow Finsterwald and Phil Rodgers, and I was not very sharp. I three-putted five greens and lost money to Arnold. When I saw the course—the first time in a year—it really hit me how badly I wanted to win the Masters.

On Tuesday I played in the same foursome and with about the same result. Again Arnold got into my wallet. He is playing excellent golf, even by his standards. He is going to be tough in the Masters. The weather was bad and our chartered plane would be grounded anyway, so I played the back nine again. Then Dow, Arnold, Phil, my dad and

*continued*




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I had dinner downtown at the King's Inn Restaurant in the Town House Motor Inn. Arnold and I needled each other something fierce. I told him he was a one-putting fool and he, because he had outdriven me on almost every hole that afternoon, called me the last of the great short hitters.

The next morning my chartered plane dropped me off at Greensboro on its way back to Columbus. I checked in at the Sedgefield Inn, which is right on the Sedgefield Country Club golf course where the tournament is played, and then took part in the pro-am. What greens! They had just been reseeded, and you might say they were not quite ready. A late spring had caused the trouble. I shot a 71 and then went into the locker room to change my shoes and read my mail. The locker-room boy appeared, and he was in a bit of a sweat. He could not find my street shoes. We looked through every locker and in every corner, but we still could not find them. I guess someone with a size 9½ EE thought they looked too good to pass up. I finally had to eat my dinner sitting there in the locker room, and at 9:15 p.m. I walked over to the Inn in my golf spikes. Maybe it serves me right for carrying only one pair of street shoes, but I hardly ever use them except to move between the golf course and my motel. Meanwhile some tournament officials were kindly out scouring through all of the shoe stores in town for a replacement pair that would fit.

Apparently there was not a pair of normal-looking 9½ EEs to be found in Greensboro, but someone finally turned up something that had soles four inches thick and looked like leather sacks. What a kidding I got that week. "Gee, that's a beautiful pair of shoes you've got on, Jack. Could I have the style number?" "Jack, those are real pretty. Is that part of the new Foot-Joy line?" Let them laugh. It beat going barefoot.

I had an early starting time the next morning. I was paired with Sam Snead and Doug Ford, and Sam made me look as if I was shooting an 85, though I had a 70. He knocked his irons close to the flagstick on every hole and shot a 64. After the round I went out to the local airport to look at a plane, a twin-engine one that carries six passengers. It was easy to like the plane but hard to like the price tag. The pilot took us up for a ride, and as we were hurtling down the runway he turned to me and said, "Here, you take it off." Talk about excitement. I went into a cold sweat, but I pulled back on the stick and felt the plane react. When we got up to about 1,000 feet I'd had enough. "You take it," I said to the pilot and sat back to wipe the perspiration off my face—which was silly, because I am sure he had control anyway.

My golf game was pretty good at Greensboro. I shot a 69 in the second round and felt that I was beginning to hit the ball well enough for the Masters. The following day I really played well. I had a 67 and took a three-shot lead in the tournament. I thought, "Well, maybe I'm due to win one." Wrong again. On Sunday I could not get started, and even a three-shot lead is not going to last forever if you do not do anything to protect it. On the 3rd hole, a long par-3, I hurried a one-iron shot under the lip of a trap, just barely got the ball onto the fringe of the green, chipped to within three feet of the cup and then missed the putt. Double bogey. Julius Boros, playing two groups ahead of me, and Doug Sanders, just in front of me, had caught me after nine holes. Boros birdied the 11th to go ahead and eventually beat Sanders in a one-hole sudden-death playoff. I finally had a one-putt green. Holed a 15-footer for a par on the last hole.

Another tournament lost. This is getting bad. The only consolation to come out of Greensboro was the fact that I had worked out a putting system that I could stick to every time. It had been my custom to line myself up over the ball and then line the face of the putter up with the ball and the hole. Two operations. At Greensboro I started lining the putter up first and then taking my stance off this alignment. I think it simplified getting lined up, and I think it helped to speed up my putting. Now if it starts getting the ball to fall into the hole it may even turn out to be a worthwhile discovery.

After the tournament the Beechcraft people did such a nice thing that my gloom began to clear up a little. They flew me in one of their planes to Columbus, where we picked up Barbara and my dad, and then on to Augusta. The trip went like this: Leave Greensboro 6:30 p.m. Arrive Columbus 8:15. Gas up and leave Columbus 9. Arrive Augusta 11:30

continued



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p.m. Imagine trying to get around that fast, between such middle-sized cities, on commercial airlines.

We checked into the Holiday Inn in Augusta, and suddenly Barbara announced, "I'm hungry." The week of the 1964 Masters began with the two of us sitting at an Augusta roadside stand called the Red Pig at 1 a.m., gobbling up sandwiches.

| THE SCOREBOARD | |
|---|---|
| Miles this week: | 1,450 |
| Miles to date: | 15,810 |
| Winnings this week: | $2,588 |
| Winnings to date: | $22,165 |

## LONG WAY TO COME—AND A LONG WAY TO GO

Eating a sandwich at one o'clock in the morning is about the most action I had on the first day of Masters week. The rest of the day, after I had gotten out of bed in the morning, was spent sitting around the Augusta National Golf Club admiring the depth and quantity of the rainfall. A waste of a precious day, but I was not alone. Everyone who had played in Greensboro the day before had the same problem. The sun finally came out in the middle of the afternoon, so I hit five bags of practice balls. Then I moved over to the practice green and chipped a hundred shots or so. My dad and friends of the family rent a house for the Masters each year. It is fairly near the course, and Barbara and I went over for dinner. We were with old friends, there was a lot of good-humored talk and good-tasting food and I thoroughly relaxed.

Ben Hogan and I had scheduled a practice round together for Monday, but the heavy rain postponed our match until Tuesday. In the morning I was out on the practice putting green when I ran into Arnold, who suggested a friendly round on Augusta National's special par-3 course. We played in a foursome with Deane Beman, Downing Gray and Chi Chi Rodriguez. As it turned out, quite a bit of money was at stake on the match. Each loser coughed up $10 to the winning medalist, and low man on each of the nine holes picked up $5 from everyone else. I won the medal, but the others won more "skins"—meaning low holes—so we about broke even.

Hogan had arranged for a round with Claude Harmon, Jimmy Demaret and me for that afternoon. I could not help feeling that I was in very select company. The four of us represented seven Masters titles. But this was just a prelude to what I took part in that evening. It is customary for the defending champion to be host at a dinner put on by the club for all previous Masters champions. This dinner takes place on the Tuesday night preceding the tournament. Bowman, the steward at Augusta National, sought me out in the afternoon and asked me about the menu. I had never found myself in a situation like this before. Barbara was not around to help me out, so I finally decided to get what I would want to eat, hoping that everyone else had more or less the same taste. I suggested shrimp, steak, asparagus and baked potatoes. It turned out to be a delightful dinner, not that I had anything to do with that. Even Ralph Guldahl, the 1939 Masters champion, was there, making his first appearance in 15 years. When it came time to make the toasts, Hogan, who had founded the dinner, proposed the first one. As he stood up and raised his glass, we all rose and pushed back our chairs. Guldahl, whose chair apparently caught on the rug or something as he tried to slide it back, toppled head over heels over the back of his chair. Welcome back to Augusta, Ralph!

The following day Arnold, Deane, Bo Wininger and I scheduled a practice round, but again the rainfall was so heavy that the course was closed. It looked bad when I got up in the morning, but I drove over to the course anyway and hung around the clubhouse hoping the weather would clear so that I could at least hit some practice shots. It must have been a field day for the press. A great many players were sitting around the clubhouse without much to do, and we went from one interview to another. The two questions I was asked most often were, "Jack, do you think the rain will help you?" and "Jack, do you feel an extra amount of pressure because you have a chance to be the first man ever to win two Masters in a row?" Answer to question No. 1: Yes. Answer to question No. 2: No. Answer to nothing in particular: I hope that I will be asked these same questions again soon.

The rain stopped, and the sun came out in time for the annual par-3 tour-

continued

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superior balance and control
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more speed and power
**Baseball**
throwing, batting, and base running
**Archery**
greater distance
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### Why isn't isometrics known to the general public?

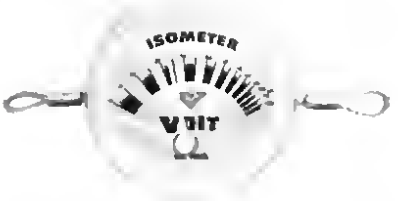
Because, for proper results, a *measurement* of each muscle contraction is necessary so that the individual can accurately determine his (or her) degree of effort and progress. This required expensive measuring devices beyond the reach of the average person. Then, too, simple instruments which only registered the efforts of *gross* muscle activity were not only scientifically useless, but potentially harmful.

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nament. This is really for the wives of the players, because the silver service they give to the low scorer would not look out of place during tea at Buckingham Palace. I let Barbara down again. My two-under-par 25 did not win so much as a teaspoon

That evening at the house where the family was staying I put on a fashion show with a large collection of Jack Nicklaus golf sweaters by Revere that had been sent down to Augusta for me to take a look at. Unanimous approval. I could not have been more relaxed and confident about the upcoming tournament In fact, I made the statement then and there that tomorrow would be the first step toward my winning the Grand Slam in 1964. I felt it. I *knew* it. Everybody has had that feeling—that sense that everything is going to go just right Barbara and I were back at the motel and in bed before midnight. I slept soundly and dreamlessly until nearly 10 the next morning.

I had a 12:30 p.m. starting time. I got out to the course about 11 o'clock and practiced for 45 minutes. Twenty minutes before I was due to tee off I was the object of a short presentation ceremony. John Murray, who owns the Murray Biscuit Company of Augusta, had arranged with the local sheriff to have me made an honorary deputy sheriff of Richmond County. So shortly before tee-off time the sheriff presented me with my badge. I should have had Arnold Palmer locked up

Last year at the Masters I was so nervous and tense on the first tee each day that I never did hit a good drive there. I was always way over on the left. Maybe I should have been more charged up this year, but at least during the tournament I hit four perfect drives off the first tee. I do not think it extravagant to claim that on Thursday I hit 18 pretty-near-perfect tee shots. I not only hit every green and every fairway, but I was almost always on the side of the fairway that set up the easiest approach shot. I hit the approach shots well enough and, strangely, I even putted well. The trouble was, none of the putts dropped—not one. The one that did not drop on the 18th may have affected the whole tournament. I had two-putted 17 greens. On 18 I had a 12-foot putt that would give me a 69 and a tie for the lead. I stroked it, and I thought it was going right into the hole.

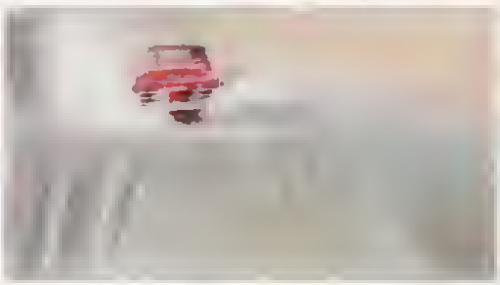
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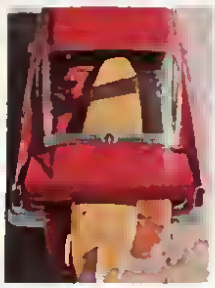
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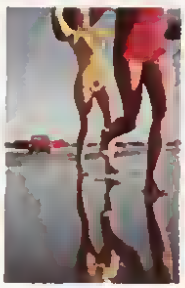
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But it lipped the cup, rolled three feet away, and I missed the short one coming back. Instead of a 69 I had shot 71; instead of being tied for the lead I was tied for 10th, two shots back.

After the round I went out to the practice tee. I will often do this, even though I do not need the work. It helps exhaust my frustrations. When a golfer finishes a round he is often still tense, because he has been concentrating so hard on every shot he hits. If he lets the tension stay with him overnight, it often has a bad effect on his timing the next day.

So I worked off my excess steam and finally relaxed. I had dinner at my dad's house again. There were several people there and they all discussed my putting stroke. They also helped me with advice on other phases of my game.

The following day I felt that I would probably play well but that I *had* to shoot a good round to stay in contention. Unfortunately, I started out by butchering the par-5 second hole. Only a high-handicap amateur would have been proud of my tee shot. My three-wood second shot left me short of the green and in a thin, muddy lie. I tried to cut under the ball on my third shot to get it up high over a guarding trap, but hit it fat and dumped it right into the trap. Bogey 6. On the 6th hole I finally had my first one-putt green of the tournament, but on the par-5 15th I made another sloppy 6. My playing partner, Bob Goalby, had hit a three-wood over the pond to the green, and the ball ended up 10 feet past the hole. Since I had outdriven him slightly, I knew that a full three-wood was too much club. So I choked down on the grip, tried to cut the shot a little, hit it thin and dumped it into the pond. When I saw the splash I felt sick. Sick. I ended up the round with a 73 that I felt should have been lower. On the other hand, at Augusta you always think you are playing well. The fairways are so wide it is hard to miss them, you seldom get out of play and you always feel that somehow you can get the ball around and into the hole. When you finish, it is almost always with the thought that your score should have been quite a bit lower.

There was not much to be said at this point. I was now seven shots behind Arnold and felt pretty gloomy. Barbara felt as badly as I did. (Someday maybe

continued





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a golfer's wife is going to do what I am doing now—going to tell about the fun, the brooding, the worry, the travel that they share out here. Theirs is a strange life, too.)

On the 12th hole Saturday what had been increasingly handicapping my swing came glaringly to light—and before the several thousand people who always gather on the side of the hill that overlooks the 11th green, the 12th tee and green, and the 13th tee. Trying to force a shot in close to the flag off the 12th tee, I shanked the ball way to the right. It almost hit Deane Beman coming off the 13th tee. That evening Jack Grout, my former teaching pro from Columbus who was visiting with my dad, explained what he thought had happened. Each day I had been gripping the club tighter and tighter with my right hand, an unconscious reaction, I guess, as I got more and more desperate to overtake Arnold. The result was that my right forearm and wrist had become so constricted that I was not cocking my wrists on the backswing. The climax was the horrible shank off the 12th tee.

Realistically, there did not seem to be much I could do about things anymore. I was at 215, nine shots behind, but I still hoped. Last year after three rounds I had a score of 214 and led the tournament by a shot.

Deane and Miriam Beman came over to my dad's house for dinner, and after the meal Barb and I and the Bemans went out to look for the house the MacGregor people—whose clubs I play—had rented. Looked all over town and finally found it. They had moved out, and there was not a single soul at the house. I guess they did not feel too warmly about my prospects the following day.

I didn't either, but I was going to give it a try. On the practice tee I worked on keeping my right arm firm but comfortable and hit the ball very well. Of course, I had to shoot about a flat zero to catch Arnold. But he just might have a bad round. Nothing much happened on the front nine. Then I birdied 12, eagled 13, just missed a birdie on 14 and birdied 15 after one of the longest drives I have ever hit. After my tee shot left me 12 feet from the hole on 16, I felt that I had worked my way back into the tournament. "Make this putt," I told myself, "and you'll be seven under par for the tournament. Arnold is only

continued



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10 under and if you make birdies on 17 and 18 anything might happen." There is a big scoreboard at 16, and a boy had that exciting red 7 in his hand, ready to put up beside my name. Then I missed the putt. I guess it is all over, I thought. Walking up 17, I heard the yell for Arnold's birdie on 14, and I *knew* it was all over.

Maybe it was a stupid reaction to have, but I had worked all winter and spring toward this one tournament. The first feeling that hit me now was: "I don't want to play any more tournament golf for the rest of the year. There isn't anything to play for." I was that depressed, that let down.

But depression is a luxury that an athlete cannot afford. It was not many minutes later that I was sitting, kind of numb, waiting for the presentation ceremony to begin, for the time when I would slip the green jacket over Arnold's shoulders. And I was thinking I had my 25 tournaments a year to compete in to keep my PGA Approved Tournament Players' card. There is the U.S. Open at Congressional Country Club in June, the British Open, the PGA Championship. Maybe I did not like the idea at that moment, but I knew the right thing to do. I was going to enter the Houston Classic the following week. But I only had until 6 p.m. to file my entry. I turned to Dave Marr, who had tied me for second place.

"Dave, what time is it?" I asked.

"About 6," he answered.

I caught the attention of Jim Gaquin, the PGA tournament manager. "Jim," I said, "enter me at Houston." It was 20 seconds short of 6 p.m.

You have got to look at things this way: so this is not the year Jack Nicklaus wins the Grand Slam. There are still plenty of major championships a man can take in 1964. No point in waiting to get started. And besides, life is a lot of fun out here, a lot of fun. The U.S. Open is coming up soon. I wonder. . . . Do you suppose Congressional is a good course for a long driver who likes to hit the ball high and fade it a little and does not exactly sink every putt? We'll see.

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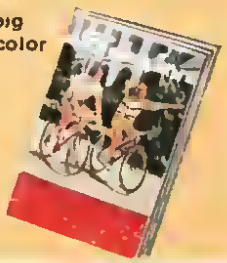
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"I hope this is an omen of things to come," crowed House Minority Leader **Charles A. Halleck** after his Republican forces defeated the Democrats 6–5 in the annual congressional baseball game. "Anyway," added Halleck, presenting the team trophy to Republican captain **Silvio Conte** of Massachusetts, "it proves Republicans are the youngest people, the strongest people and the best people." Well, maybe this year, but a year ago the Democrats won 11–0.

"How deep is the ocean?" crooned **Frank Sinatra** in 1946, and swimming off Kauai Island in Hawaii a couple of weeks ago, he almost found out. Caught by an undertow, the 155-pound singer was swept 200 yards out to sea. Down and down he went, until some firemen performed That Old Black Magic art of tossing him a rope. "Another couple of minutes out there and I would have had it," croaked Sinatra, as he prepared to return to work on the film *None but the Brave*.

Putting his bulky, silver-gray space suit and helmet aside, at least for the time being, **Scott Carpenter** climbed into some faded Levi's and cowboy boots and went into orbit aboard his brand-new 12-year-old quarter horse, Shirley. "Rode like an old horseman," said an observer from a Texas ranch control tower.

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub—or, rather, one Egyptian President and three visiting leftists on a fishing party in a United Arab Republic navy yacht. What **Gamal Abdel Nasser** and his guests, **Nikita Khrushchev** of the Soviet Union, President Colonel **Abdul Salam Mohammed Aref** of Iraq and President **Ahmed Ben Bella** of Algeria, caught was supertop-secret (please eat before reading). But the troubled waters in which they fished were, naturally enough, those of the Red Sea.

"Before it started, my knees were banging, my heart was flipping and there were butterflies bouncing around in my stomach. I'd never been in anything like it before," said USC Football Coach **John McKay**. He was discussing his role as master of ceremonies for the 11th annual campus songfest. But as it turned out, Coach McKay did just fine facing the bright lights and 12,000 students. "I may have mixed up the names of some frats and sororities, but everything seemed to go off very smoothly, just like one of our run-pass options," he said afterward.

How do you top 50 years of football pictures in which Richard Arlen (in one form or another) passes to Buddy Rogers for a last-minute touchdown while Jack Oakie comically trips up the three best backs on the other team and Coach Pat O'Brien sobs, "One for the Gipper"? Easy. You put Kookie Cupcake **Shirley MacLaine** in a football helmet and a harem nightgown, drop her in a field full nf pro football players and Hollywood extras, toss her a pass (*right*) and call the whole thing *John Goldfarb, Please Come Hame*. How's that again?

The first chukker was scarcely over when the star of the Windsor Park team galloped off the field, frowning, with a broken stick. Back he stormed a moment later only to return to the sidelines for repairs. Once again returning to the fray, he broke another stick, and this time hurled it to the ground enraged. Finally, with everything intact, he managed to score the winning goal, and at the end of the game England's Queen presented the trophy for the Windsor Horse Show Polo Cup final to her exhausted but persistent husband: **Prince Philip**.

In Puerto Rico with his teammates to pass out some free top-level athletic instruction to local high school footballers, the New York Giants' **Y. A. Tittle** proved he could use a little instruction himself —on the golf course. During a day on the links at Dorado Beach, old Yat, a pretty fair powerboat yachtsman and a passing-good quarterback, wallowed in and out of so many traps that he finished up the 18 holes with a 26-over-par 98.

After sliding her 36-23-34-inch frame into a bulky sky-diving outfit, Kristin Thor, **Miss Iceland** of 1960, hit the silk at 2,800 feet above some wide-open farmland near Dallas. "It was just great, beautiful and wonderful," said the breathless and beautiful Nordic after her first parachute jump, "and all I got was a little dirt on my hands when I landed."

"The pass I just received tells me it's spring again," wrote aging (89) and ailing **Herbert Hoover** to National League President Warren Giles, "and I shall tell my doctors baseball has more curative powers than all their medicine."



TRACK / *John Underwood*

# *A brisk tuneup for the long season ahead*

**Looking ahead to a summer of 'fun,' Dyrol Burleson (below left) nipped Tom O'Hara at the tape to head a flourishing brood of U.S. milers**




A middle-distance runner is loosely defined by middle-distance runner Tom O'Hara as a very large pair of lungs connected to the ground by legs of variable lengths. It is at this time of year—an Olympic year—that a thinking distance man (there is really no other kind) begins to put his thoughts, lungs and legs together in a way intended to establish a peak of efficiency before autumn. Last weekend in Modesto, Calif. there may have been more thinking going on than running, because the winning times in the mile and two-mile events in the California Relays were inconclusive. But the strategy that unfolded was not. It showed that:

1) The world's best middle-distance runners are just beginning their drive for Tokyo, and if it is a record you want before July, look to the swimmers.

2) The world's best middle-distance runners, possible gold medal winners, could be American. For a change. For a big change.

The U.S. Olympic record in any distance beyond 800 meters is easy to catalogue. An American has not won a gold medal at 1,500 meters (the metric mile) since 1908 and has not won at 5,000 meters since the Garden of Eden. Naturally, Dyrol Burleson beating Tom O'Hara in a mile at 4:00.2 in Modesto will not cause nervous tension in Christchurch, New Zealand. And Jim Beatty finishing third at two miles behind the 30-year-old New Zealander, Bill Baillie, who looks like Rumpelstiltskin and runs like Jack-be-quick, and the Canadian, Bruce Kidd, is not encouraging news.

But what was not revealed by the stopwatch in Modesto is that Burleson and O'Hara are well on their way to becoming a double in the mile, and if Peter Snell does not watch out the double will get him. Snell, also of New Zealand, is the world record-holder at the mile, but he was beaten several times this winter at that distance and is struggling to regain his form.

Burleson, the lone wolf of Oregon who selects his meets the way a finicky eater picks the nuts from a salad, is training at what for him is an unprecedented pace. He was running upward of 140 miles a week until a month ago. He is also a smarter runner now—losses to Snell have taught him not to rely on his fancy accelerations when they might be too late—and he does not give a hoot for records. "My records today, some-

*continued*




# Where do martini drinkers go in the summer?

## Back to gimlets.

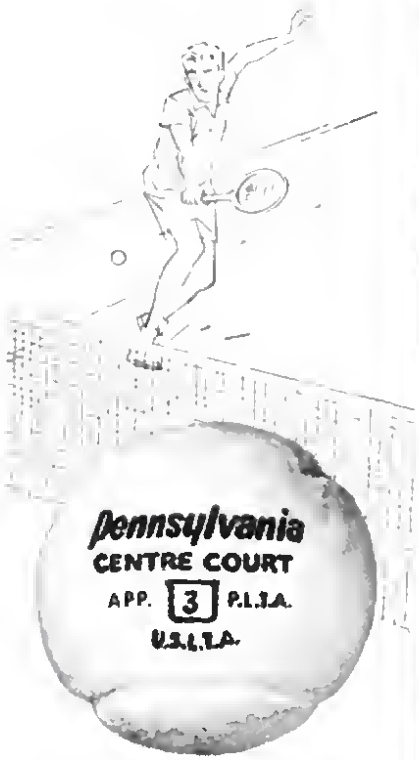
What is the gimlet? Well, it isn't all sweet and sugary. It isn't something cluttered with fruit. It isn't even for girls especially.

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body else's records tomorrow," he says. "I believe in winning." As an example, he cites his daughter Raemi Lynn's defeat in a crawling contest the other day. He still is trying to get over it. Raemi Lynn is 16 months old.

O'Hara is O'Hara—a hank of red hair, a piece of bone and a dedication that would not move mountains so much as it would trample them to dust. He will always look like a 130-pound weakling and he will fret about making the U.S. Olympic team until his jet touches down in Tokyo, but one of these summer days he will run a 3:52 mile and everybody will know he is real. O'Hara has not broken four minutes outdoors this season, but he set a world indoor record (3:56.4) last winter.

Beatty, the small and courtly North Carolinian, had not run two miles since setting an indoor record of 8:30.7 in March 1963 in Modesto. In the interim he suffered a serious muscle pull in his right thigh, a cramp in his right calf and a 12-stitch gash in the ball of his right foot—none too helpful to him as a runner or in his job of combing the Carolina countryside for volunteers for the state's own peace corps. Modesto would be a gauge for him, he said, "not do or die. First I want to see what I will have to do before the Olympic trials. Next, I want to see how the leg holds up."

The city of Modesto protrudes unassumingly from a bend in the Tuolumne River in the San Joaquin Valley, and most of the year it would make a pretty good hideout. This time of year, however, middays are uncomfortably warm in Modesto and the evenings uncomfortably cool. The relays were held at night, and even if the excellent field of Olympic prospects had been record-conscious, it was too chilly for a big record assault. Yet Grambling, magnificent in black suits, again tied the 440-yard-relay world record of 40 seconds flat, and Olympic broad jumper Ralph Boston broke his own American record with a leap of 27 feet 2½ inches. Boston says he has added more liver to his diet since he started studying biochemistry ("I know more about what makes my body go"), and he went 26 feet 5½ inches or better on six straight jumps. Grinning, he said he owed it all to liver. "I'm having some more tomorrow."

Preparatory to the two miles, Beatty said he would run as long as he felt like running, or until the calf, the thigh or his peace of mind gave in. He said he would just as soon not set the pace in the face of a chilling wind, but he did anyway. He led from the start through six laps, thinking to himself, "Come on, one of you guys, take it for a while." But Baillie hung back, as far as seventh, and Bruce Kidd plodded along in second place.

On the seventh lap Baillie cut through the field, his shoulders hunched, his nose like the prow of a great ship. He had been "seeing the sights"—Knott's Berry Farm, the Los Angeles Dodgers, bowling alleys—since he came to the States eight days earlier, and his training had been mostly lazy jogs, but he was ready to run now. He moved to third, then second with a lap to go, and began his kick 400 yards from the finish. Kidd followed him, but Beatty could not and finished a fading third. Baillie was timed at 8:37.1, with Kidd 10 yards back.

O'Hara had been seeing the sights, too. He was late arriving for the mile and had to rush through his warmup. As in the two-mile race, the mile field seemed reluctant to expose itself to the lead, and the pace for three-quarters was an agony. At that point, Emporia State's John Camien was the leader. O'Hara had perched on Burleson's right shoulder and stayed there, a pink shadow bobbing and tugging at his satin pants. "I knew he was back there, close, but I wasn't sure how close," said Burleson after the race.

Then, 250 yards from home and in fourth place, O'Hara began his kick. He seemed more to drift past Burleson than to run, and quickly he was ahead by four yards. The lead appeared to be sufficient as they came into the straightaway, but O'Hara did not get a second drive and Burleson did. He caught O'Hara, barely, at the tape—"I startled him. He didn't think I was coming," said Burleson. "Surprised was right," said O'Hara, "I thought *I* had it."

Third—and a good example of the middle-distance talent the U.S. has begun to produce—was a 16-year-old high school junior from Wichita, Kan. named Jim Ryun. His time, 4:01.7, exceeded anything any high schooler had ever done, although it will not be considered for a record since it was not achieved in a high school race.

"Can you imagine that kid?" said Burleson. "And nobody was breathing hard at the finish. It's going to be lots of fun this summer." **END**




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BASEBALL / *Frank Deford*



# *A star on the wrong team*

**Young Jim Fregosi, shortstop of the Angels, does not receive the acclaim he deserves because in Los Angeles all eyes are on the Dodgers**

If Jim Fregosi played for the Los Angeles Dodgers instead of the Los Angeles Angels, the city would cast his footprint or his gloveprint or something in cement outside of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. He would be paid better than walking-around money to go to Las Vegas and play straight man for Milton Berle, and he would be endorsing everything under the smog. For Jim Fregosi, just 22 years old, is generally acknowledged as the best young player in the American League

Fregosi, a shortstop, can run, field, throw, think, hit for average and hit for power. He is also what Californians dearly love their athletes to be—a fellow Californian, personable and good-looking. Fregosi is not only good-looking enough for most fans, and particularly for Janet Bennett Fregosi, a beautiful brunette who was "sort of" his high school sweetheart, but Jim is even good-looking enough for MGM, which is interested in him despite the fact that he is an Angel, not a Dodger.

Generally, though, Fregosi operates in relative anonymity with the Angels, the poor haloed trash of Los Angeles who share the stadium at Chavez Ravine —but only a few of the fans and none of the parking fees. Not having a piece of the parked cars in L.A. is like getting in on Idaho without the potatoes. Predictably, then, the Angels have cast about for new quarters, and bonds for a new stadium in Anaheim, Greater Disneyland, are likely to be placed on sale soon.

If the Angels had a few more Fregosis perhaps they would not have to move. Last year, his first full one, he hit .287, eighth best in the league and best among the shortstops. He is the only shortstop in the league hitting third in the lineup, and though he has been hampered by a hamstring muscle pull this year he is still hitting .340, fifth best in the league. He is also fast. He was second in the league in triples last year, has four already this season and five stolen bases to boot,

*continued*




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Fregosi is one of those rare shortstops who can hit for distance—four HRs this season—and though not exactly exuding finesse afield, he gets to the balls and he has an outstanding arm.

In brief, in a league become saturated with good shortstops, Fregosi may already be the best of the lot—Kubek, Versalles, Aparicio and so on. But then, he has been surprising people all along. A four-sport, 11-letter man at Serra High School in San Mateo, he enrolled at Menlo College in 1959 with the idea of prepping for some big-time college football competition. Over the summer, though, Red Sox Scout Charlie Wallgren and about $25,000 convinced Fregosi to go into baseball.

The Red Sox sent him to Class D Alpine, Texas his first season, 1960, where by midseason he was distinguishing himself with a .175 batting average and a tendency to throw balls all over Texas. He finished at .267, but that was not enough to convince the Sox that they should protect him from the expansion draft. Fregosi then embarrassed them by going back to San Mateo and the winter Peninsula League where he suddenly blossomed.

About this time the Angels were formed, and Bill Rigney, their manager, saw Fregosi play at San Mateo. So did George Genovese, a Giant farm manager. Rigney had long been connected with the Giants, and the club was not unwilling to help Rigney's needy Angels of the other league. Genovese's report—still in the Giant files—waxed casually ecstatic, concluding: "This boy has a chance to go all the way." For $75,000, the Angels took a chance.

Not even Genovese, though, had Fregosi completely tabbed. "Hits with occasional power," he wrote, "but is not a power hitter." But then, not even Fregosi himself had any idea that at 6 feet and 170 pounds he had not stopped growing. Today he is 6 feet 2, 195, and as far as Fregosi knows, he is not through yet. "That's what's killing me. Whoever heard of a 6-foot-4, 220-pound shortstop?" The prospect of playing another position does not unnerve him, but he knows well that shortstops who can hit home runs are in low supply and high tax brackets.

Literally as well as figuratively, Fregosi swings one of the biggest bats in baseball: 36 inches and 36 ounces. He chokes it up about two inches for better

*continued*



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MG

bat control. Fregosi used to swing a nice average little 34-31. He decided to go to the monster bat in midseason last year. Since then he has hit .319, but the supreme compliment to Fregosi the hitter is that each team in the league pitches him differently. Pitchers—regardless of race, color, creed, national origin, or team—pass the word around on hitters faster than Walter Winchell. When they cannot come to a consensus, they are up against a real hitter.

One thing that nobody ever had any doubts about was Fregosi's arm. The question was how to harness it. He made 53 errors—mostly throwing—at Dallas-Fort Worth in 1961, and last year he estimates that 22 or 23 of his 27 errors came on throws. It was a pleasant joke at the Dallas-Fort Worth park that no one dared sit behind first base when Fregosi was taking infield practice. Even Fregosi could laugh about it, until one night in Denver when he uncorked another high toss. "It must have just tipped the first baseman's mitt," Fregosi says, "because it had a little downward spin on it." The ball crashed through a supposedly ballproof screen in front of the Denver dugout and onto the head of Infielder Frank Kostro. Kostro suffered a brain concussion, and though he eventually fully recovered—in fact, he was Fregosi's teammate on the Angels last year—Fregosi still speaks of the accident and of the possibilities of such future misfortunes with sincere fear.

Part of Fregosi's wildness was his motion. "Herky-jerky," he calls it himself, and that is as good a description as any. Fregosi tended to throw the ball away when he let up a little. Rigney told him to "let it rip—go on, get the guy out by 40 feet if you have to," and, taking the advice, Fregosi's control has improved markedly. The herky-jerkiness is apparently there to stay. But the form matters little. He has good range and, particularly for a young player, he plays the hitters well. Part of his success here has been on account of Joe Koppe, his roommate and the man he replaced.

That was back in June of '62, when the Angels recalled Fregosi. (This was the year they battled for the pennant and finished third despite all circumstantial evidence to the contrary.) "When they drafted me," Fregosi says, "I figured I had a good chance because the Angels had to be a second division team for a while. But the day I show up, here we are at Yankee Stadium just about tied for first with the Yankees." There were 35,000 in attendance and the game was on national television. Koppe was hurt sliding home, in came Fregosi. His action debut was on a ball hit to his right. Fregosi moved after it, tripped and fell flat on the seat of his pants. But in the second half of the doubleheader he got the hit that drove in the winning run.

The first thing most people mention about Fregosi is the fact that he truly loves to play. An intense competitor. A real 100% athlete, and other clichés that are, in this instance, absolutely true. After Fregosi signed with the Red Sox he went to college, but he quit after a semester because his professional status prevented his playing any amateur sports. He simply went stir crazy and

*continued*



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could not concentrate on the books. He has an interest with three other Angels in a 33-unit apartment building in Inglewood. He also lives there, manages it, and plans to do the general contracting for another apartment this winter. But in speaking of the off season he prefers talking about the kicks he got playing in a basketball league for some bar called the House of Surface. He was good enough, too, to start in the backcourt with Hot Rod Hundley, the ex-pro. The Angels were not crazy about the idea, but they like a happy shortstop.

Besides, for all his athletics, Fregosi is not injury-prone, which is why his current torn hamstring is frustrating him. Otherwise, about the only thing that has ever bothered him is chronic bronchitis, which occasionally gives him coughing fits that have lasted up to three hours or so. These spells caused him to miss three straight days last year.

But Fregosi does not worry. Why should he? He has, after all, about everything going for him, including his looks —firm features, swept-back black hair, a dark complexion and high cheekbones. With the complexion and those cheekbones, one would guess he could make a lifetime career playing half-breeds and Cochise opposite Marshal Dillon and that bunch. An MGM scout spotted Fregosi on TV last year and got him to show up at the studio every morning for acting lessons. Fregosi did not really take to it—"that just wasn't my route"—but the experiment was abruptly abandoned on other grounds when he happened to bring his scripts home after a game. Mrs. Fregosi was pressed into service to help him rehearse the love scenes. Mrs. Fregosi did not like *rehearsing* Mr. Fregosi for love scenes. Exit one budding acting career.

The baseball career will get much further. The praise for Jim Fregosi from his peers is too real for any other conclusion. And get the Angels into Anaheim, where they will have a life unto their own from out of the shadow of the Dodgers, and Fregosi might even become as famous and as rich as the Dodgers or even the resident favorites of Anaheim. After getting past Mickey Mouse hats and Donald Duck Orange Juice, the field in Anaheim is pretty much wide open for a good-looking young man of 22 with an apartment building, a beautiful wife, a son and all the skills that baseball requires. **END**




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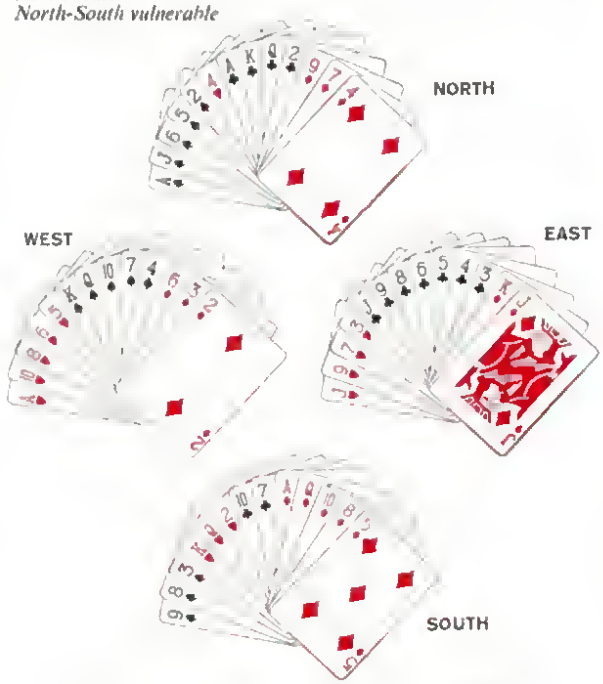
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

# *Little Major's minor mishap*

Terence Reese of Great Britain is essentially a conservative person whom many people consider the best bridge player in Europe, if not the world. For years Reese played straightforward bridge: if he bid a spade, he had spades. When players from other European countries, especially Italy, began using synthetic systems, Reese protested, but his protests were ignored. Finally, in the hope that by burlesquing the complexities of such artificial systems he could have them all outlawed, Reese invented a bidding system of his own and called it the Little Major. It was all a gag at first. No bid meant what it seemed to mean. A bid of one club showed, obviously, hearts. A bid of one heart was strong, or weak. One diamond meant spades, or perhaps no trump. Reese played the Little Major with subdued cynicism until, to his amazement, he realized that he had become entranced with his own creation. He taught it to members of the British team, who used it to win the European Championship. Reese and his frequent partner, Jeremy Flint, used the Little Major to win the British Masters Pairs. And at the recent World Olympiad in New York, Reese, using his cockeyed system, helped Great Britain finish first in the 29-nation round robin and almost beat Italy, the champion, in the semifinals. Reese's system made such news that a bridge-wise waiter in a New York restaurant told one of the British players: "We have a Little Major kitchen. You order corned beef and you get pastrami."

The hand shown is from the Olympiad battle against Italy in which the Little Major both helped and hindered Great Britain.

*North dealer*
*North-South vulnerable*




| NORTH (*Reese*) | EAST (*Belladonna*) | SOUTH (*Schapiro*) | WEST (*Avarelli*) |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1♦ | PASS | 2♦ | 2♥ |
| 3♣ | 3♥ | 3♠ | PASS |
| 4♠ | PASS | PASS | DOUBLE |
| PASS | PASS | PASS | |

Reese opened the bidding with one diamond, showing his spades. His partner, Boris Schapiro, raised to two diamonds, showing his suit. When Reese bid clubs, a natural bid showing real clubs, Schapiro raised Reese's spades. Well, not raised, really, since Reese had not yet bid them. Reese had merely indicated spades with his diamond bid. And this is what confused Giorgio Belladonna in the East position. When Reese bid four spades, doubled by West, Belladonna led a heart out of turn. With the help of this error and the penalty it evoked, declarer could have made his contract. Reese, one of the world's greatest playing technicians, might have brought it home. But Reese's own bidding system made him the dummy. All he could do was helplessly watch Schapiro go awry.

Barred from leading hearts, Avarelli opened the 3 of diamonds, and East's king went to declarer's ace. South led the trump 9, West covered with the queen and declarer made the good play of letting him hold the trick. West shifted to the ace and another heart. Declarer won and cashed his third heart, discarding diamonds from dummy, which was left with four trumps and four clubs. South led the trump 3, West put in the 7 and dummy won with the jack. But the club ace was ruffed by West who returned the king of spades. Defenders still had to win a trump and a club trick and the penalty was 500 points to Italy.

Schapiro could have made the contract if he had not discarded diamonds. After winning the second heart, he should have led the 3 of trumps. West does best to play the 7 and dummy wins with the jack. Declarer then returns to his hand with a diamond and plays the spade 8, covered by the 10 and ace. After that, Schapiro need lose only one more trick to the king of trumps. He and the Little Major would have picked up 10 IMPs, enough to have beaten Italy. **END**



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# DRIVER IN A TIGHT

BY BOB OTTUM

*This Soturdoy brings the Indionopolis 500-mile race ond o greot confrontotion of the old and the new. If the troditionol Offenhouser roodster (below) connot beot bock the ominous*



TONY TRIOLO

# CORNER

*reor-engine intruder it will surely become os obsolete os horse covolry. Much of tlie old guord's hope is fostened upon A. J. Foyt, the white-helmeted driver slown here sliding through one of Indy's four 140-mph corners. Agoinst the opposition's superior speed Foyt must drow most deeply upon his incandescent will to win if he is to repel the invoders. As the orticle on the following poges discloses, ol' A. J. just might be the mon who con do it.*

CONTINUED

No matter what you hear about Anthony Joseph Foyt Jr. (*see cover*) between this moment and the Indianapolis 500-mile race, remember that he is not a man driven by an obsession to win. They always say it, his neighbors in that semiresidential section of the Indianapolis Speedway infield known as Gasoline Alley, where for $1,000 per racing car the tenants are permitted to practice mechanics and amateur psychology. They say it, but A. J. says it isn't so. "Obsession? Who, me?" says A. J. Foyt delightedly "Man, listen I'm not driven by obsession. If there is any driving to be done around here, ol' A. J. will do it himself. Obsession is gonna have to get a car of his own." All that A. J. really believes is that you "get out in front and you stay out in front."

Foyt's towering hatred of defeat has made him both famous and affluent. He has been champion of the oval tracks three of the last four years, and since he has recently sprinted to the top in sports car competition as well, he is currently the hottest property in all racing.

Stories about Foyt tend to have an epic quality, telling of eventual triumph in the face of long odds. One tale has to do with a race for midget cars two years ago at Terre Haute. It was a piddling event, offering a winner's purse of $600 When his car failed to qualify because of a fast-deteriorating track, Foyt did not write the race off, as any reasonable man would have done. (Reasonable men as well-heeled and famous as Foyt would not have been there in the first place.) He paid another driver $100 for the 24th, and last, starting position. Foyt fought his way to first place at mid-race. He ran out of gas on the last lap, but by then he was so far ahead he was able to coast in the winner. "I figured," he says, "that it was a pretty good gamble."

Off the track Foyt's behavior is no less spectacular. Hot-tempered, handy with his fists and blunt in his speech, he was once fined $1,000 for tongue-lashing a racing promoter, and last year was suspended briefly from racing for roughing up another driver. Close associates are not immune to his whims. His chief mechanic, George Bignotti, once angrily quit. He came back, though, knowing that Foyt gives more of himself in races, 52 weeks a year, than any other driver

When he chooses, Foyt can turn on the charm. He is extraordinarily handsome both in face and physique. His teeth are whiter than white, and when Foyt smiles they light up. This creates a brighten-the-corner effect so compelling that impressionable young women are apt to go swoony in his presence.

Foyt's willingness to take ultimate risks, to drive a little deeper into the corners than the next man, has brought him a six-figure income, three national driving championships and one "500" victory (in 1961). His $110,000 trophy-cluttered house in Houston, where he occasionally manages to visit his wife Lucy and his three children, sprawls over four building lots. Among other tangible signs of his success are a swimming pool, a Cadillac convertible, a Thunderbird hardtop, a Pontiac station wagon and a Triumph motorcycle.

But perhaps nothing gives Foyt greater pleasure than the knowledge that he has cracked the road-racing barrier. Track drivers like Foyt, schooled in the wheel-to-wheel cut and thrust of midget, stock car and big car racing on oval tracks, where shifting gears is not required, have long had a tendency to sneer at the sports car and Grand Prix crowd, which prefers the subtler techniques and more varied terrain of the road courses. "Sporty car" is the most common epithet used by the track man to express his hostility. Sneering back, some road-racing enthusiasts have disparaged the track sport as "boring" and the drivers as unwashed ruffians.

This unfortunate gulf was widened last year at Indianapolis when Scotland's Jimmy Clark and America's Dan Gurney, both road-racing men, brilliantly invaded the track men's most hallowed ground with Lotus-Fords, products of Grand Prix design. As the Indy drivers correctly judged, many new spectators of the road-racing persuasion had come to the Brickyard for just one reason, and that was to see the Indianapolis roadsters humiliated by the Lotus-Fords.

But it has been the track crowd's turn to crow in recent months. Deflating the notion that "roundy-round" drivers could never make the transition to road racing, Foyt swept both of the big sports car races at Nassau last December, becoming the first driver in the meet's 10-year history to do so. First he whipped a fine international field in a Chevrolet-Scarab to take Nassau's Governor's Trophy. Two days later, as road-racing devotees choked on their rum and Cokes, he made the lesson stick by hustling the Scarab in first for the featured Nassau Trophy. He raced on even terms with Gurney in February's Daytona Beach American Challenge Cup, and defeated him when Gurney's car broke down. In March he startled spectators at the Sebring 12-hour race by overtaking 51 cars on the first lap. He had gotten away tardily in the Le Mans start, which is sort of a calf scramble with hubcaps. Then, just as he was settling down to race, his Chevrolet Corvette threw a wheel, spun around five times in a 1,000-foot skid, and tipped up and almost over. Foyt leaped from the car and ran back to the pits for another wheel. He put the car back together and finished 23rd.

Moreover Foyt captured every open-cockpit track race he entered this year—two for big cars at Phoenix and Trenton, counting toward the national championship, and three for sprint cars. Thus he approaches the "500" as the best all-round American driver in history.

Foyt is also the driver most in demand. He is under contract to the Indianapolis automotive parts millionaire Bill Ansted, and for the "500" Ansted gave him his choice of either a front-engine or rear-engine Offenhauser. Foyt liked the front-engine model best, and of course has qualified it for the race. But for a time this spring Foyt was flirting with the idea of switching to a new Lotus-Ford. Ford has openly courted Foyt for more than a year. The Thunderbird turned up in his Houston driveway because, one Ford man said, "We want him to be seen driving

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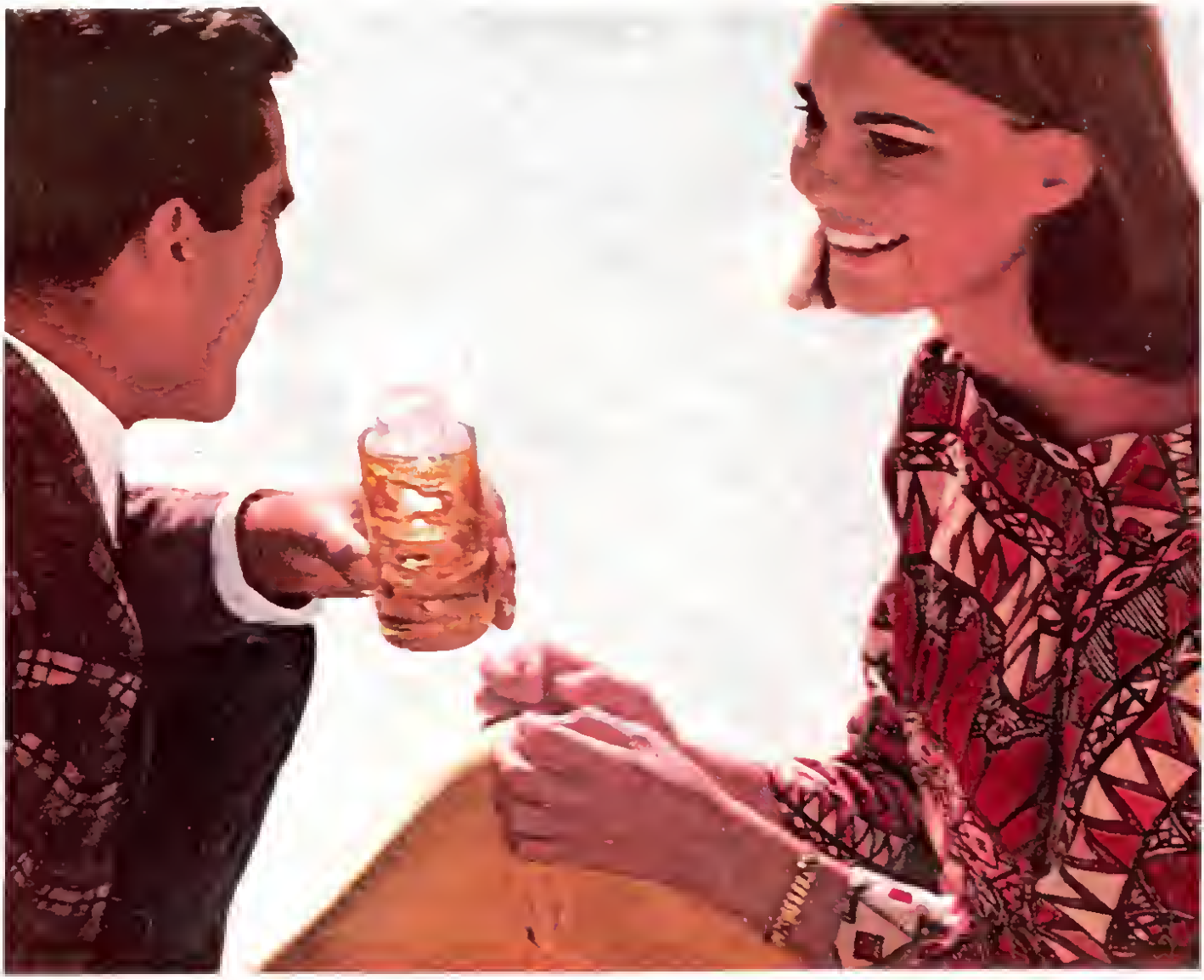
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the best car, now don't we?" Before official practice began at the Speedway, Ford invited him to try out the Lotus-Ford "just to see how it feels there, A. J." According to Foyt, it felt awful; he had to sit hunched over in the tiny cockpit. If Foyt does not beat the odds against him Saturday, however, there is likely to be a Ford in his future. Tiremakers long for his services, too. Goodyear employs him to test racing tires and supposed that he would use Goodyears in the "500." But drivers can be intractable when they conclude that one product has an edge over another. Not only Foyt but also three other Goodyear test drivers will race on Firestone tires May 30; Goodyear clearly has some distance to go to catch up with long-dominant Firestone. An extraordinary facet of the tire battle is that Foyt, who feels a special obligation to Goodyear, declared after qualifying that he would wear his customary Goodyear coveralls in the "500" and would turn down prize money offered by Firestone if he won the race.



*An expert mechanic as well as driver, Foyt assists Chief Mechanic George Bignotti*

Foyt was not always the object of so much yearning. "Looky here," he will say, holding up both big, scarred hands. "I got these scars from working on engines. I got them the hard way, when there wasn't money for mechanics."

A. J. Foyt was born 29 years ago in Houston, and some of his earliest memories are of hands already roughened and scarred in toil on racing cars. His father owned a garage and campaigned midget cars. In Houston now they tell about A. J. at 4 and the miniature red racing car his father built for him. It boasted a real one-cylinder Briggs & Stratton engine and, so the stories go, one could tell from the way he got his foot into the throttle that A. J. was going to be a champion.

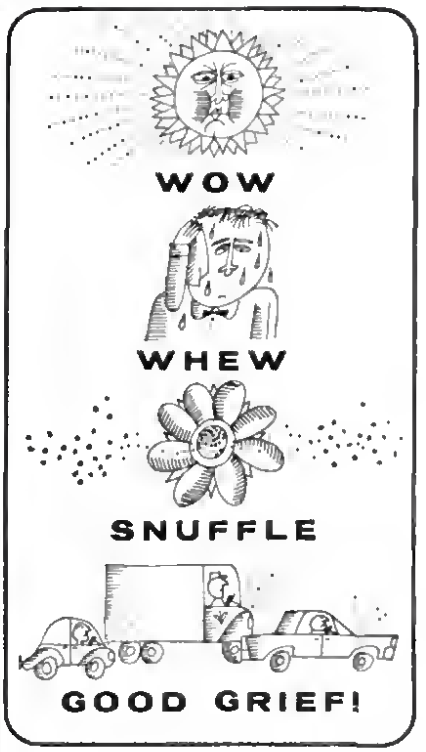
"Oh, we had that little ol' car, all right," says A. J. senior, "but a lot of kids have little race cars and don't grow up to be A. J. Foyts. I'll tell you when it really started. It was in 1946, right after the war, when A. J. was 11. I owned two midget cars in those days, and Mrs. Foyt and I took one of them to Dallas for a race. We left one of them home, and we left A. J. home, too.

"When we got back—it was about 5:30 in the morning, I guess—we found the whole yard tore up. I mean, everything was gone. The grass was chewed to pieces and there were tire gouges all around. The swings we had in the yard had been knocked down. I knew right away that A. J. had got some of his buddies to push him and they had got that midget started up. It didn't have a self-starter, of course. And then, when I went into the garage and saw the midget, I knew why A. J. had quit. He had caught the thing on fire and burned up the engine. It was sitting there with the paint all scorched.

"I went into the house and right into his bedroom. He played like he was asleep, but he wasn't, I could tell. But my wife said, 'Don't say anything to him

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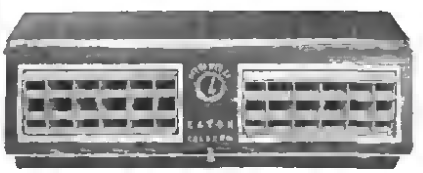



# Forget it!

you can with an

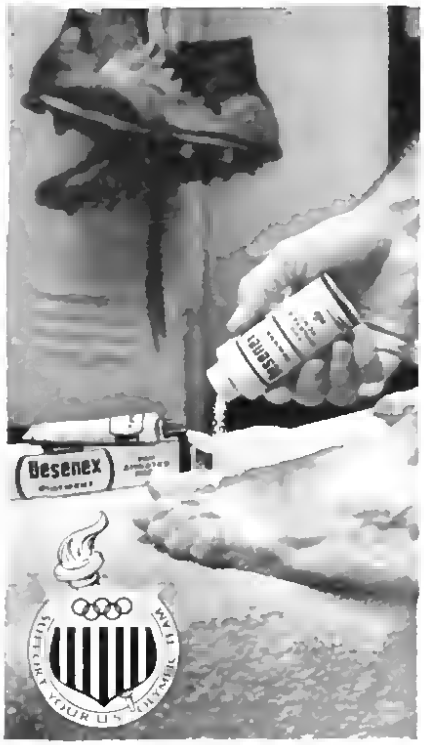
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right now when you're so mad.' So I didn't get him up. But I knew right then, standing there in that kid's bedroom, that he would have to race; there just wasn't going to be any other way. The next day I told him, 'If you want to race, all right, race.' But I made him promise to always drive something good." And, no doubt, to stay off the grass.

A. J. raced his father's midgets to begin with. Quitting school in the 11th grade, he began his racing apprenticeship at age 17. "I couldn't study anymore," he says. "I was racing for my dad and working in his garage and taking home $75 a week, and you know how it is. I just couldn't wait any longer."

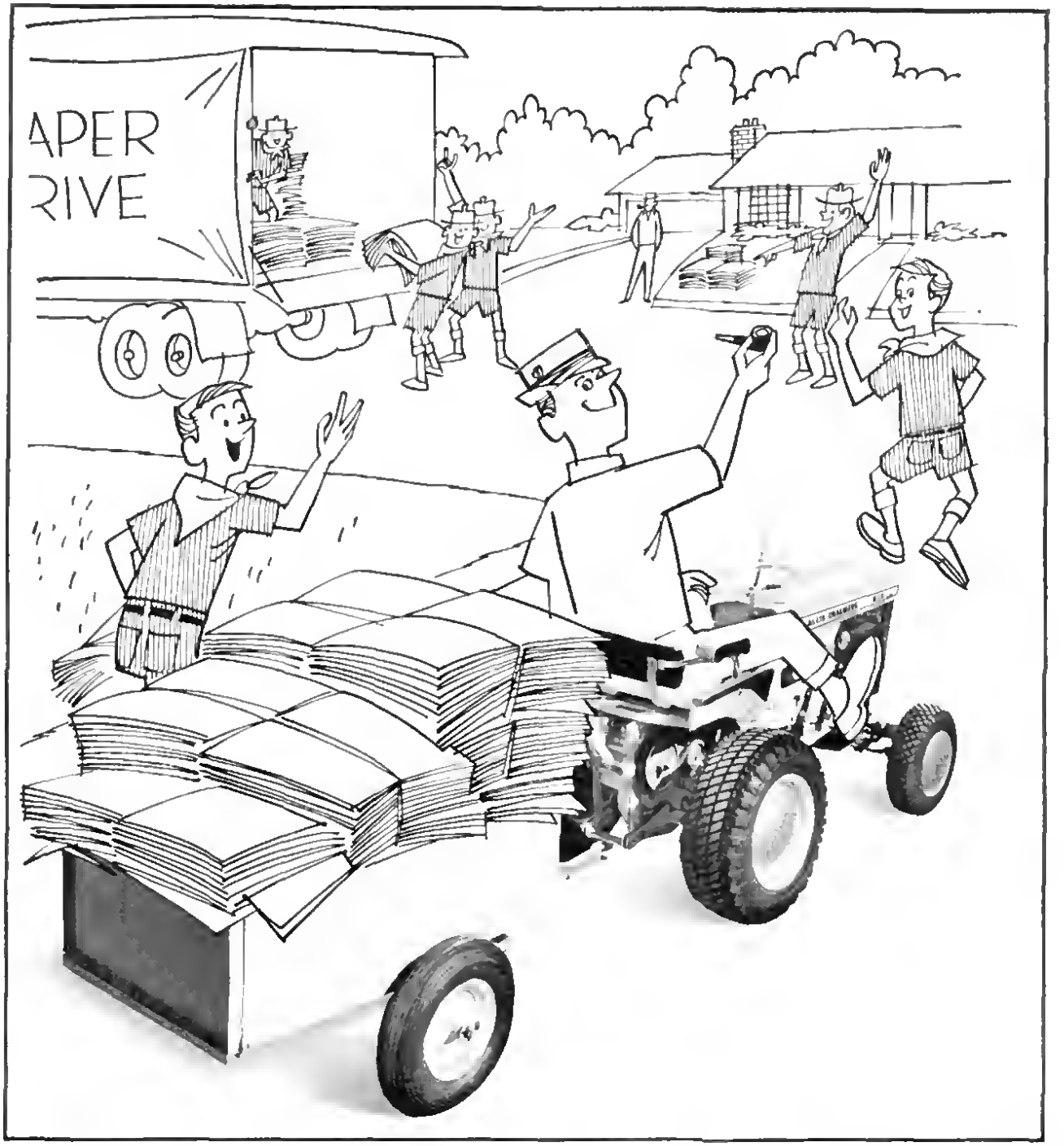
A. J. soon became a kid star in the Southwest. Something of a dude, he wore silk shirts and spruce, freshly laundered white trousers in every race and soon acquired the nickname Fancypants. Evidently his temper was as short then as it is now. When he ventured north in 1957 to try big cars in the big time, word of his willingness to use his fists as well as his foot followed him.

After a year's seasoning in 100-mile events, Foyt burst upon Indianapolis. Some drivers, outstanding on other tracks, develop a kind of paralysis at Indy and find themselves unable to cope with its higher speeds, its unusual pressures. Foyt, however, cockily talked himself into one of the best cars on the grounds, the Dean Van Lines Special, and managed to place it 16th in his first "500." Three years later, with Bignotti in his pit, he drove the Bowes Seal Fast Special to victory. Few "500s" had been

*continued*



*Foyt gives Bignotti earful in Speedway pits. Their association has sometimes been stormy.*




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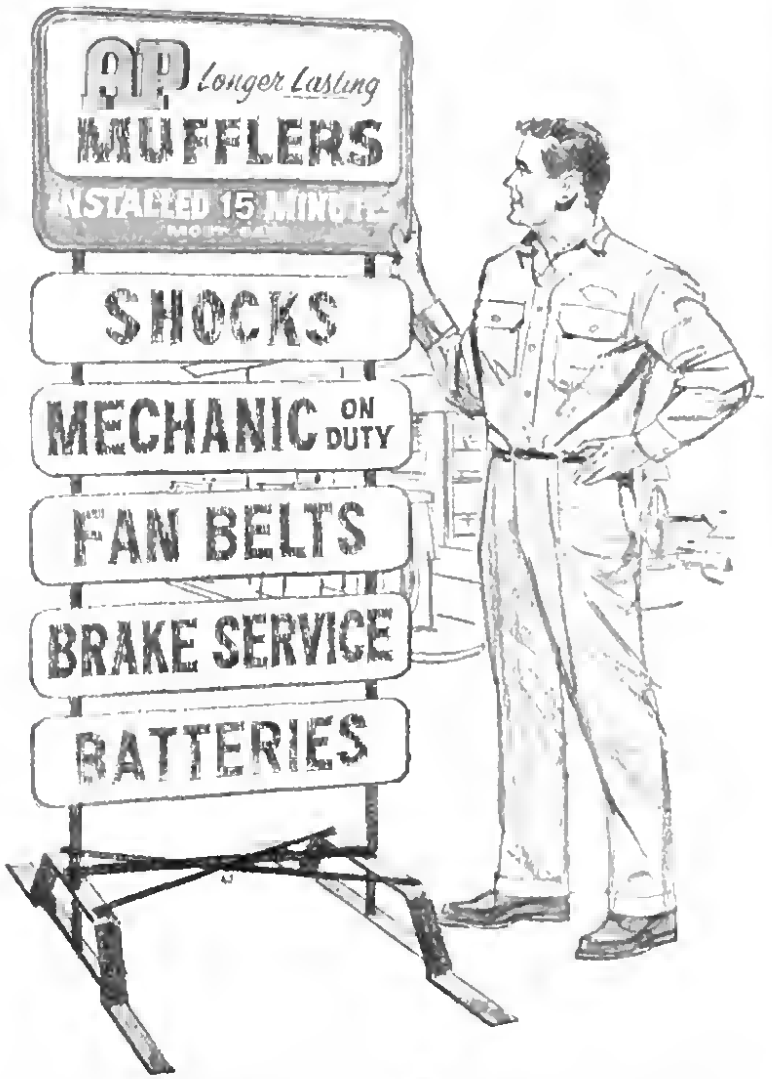
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as thrilling. Leading and with only 15 laps to go, Foyt had to pull in for fuel. Eddie Sachs then went ahead and seemed certain to win, but three laps before the finish he, in turn, was forced to make a pit stop—for a new tire—and the race and a $117,975 check went to Foyt.

It was after the following year's "500" that Foyt and Bignotti parted. One of Foyt's wheels came loose and threw him into the infield in a violent spin at a time when he was running third to the leader, Parnelli Jones. It would be reasonable to assume that no alliance could have survived the sulfurous language Foyt later addressed to Bignotti about that wheel.

By Memorial Day 1963, though, Foyt and Bignotti had patched things up. The only failing in Foyt's car was a slight deficiency in speed, and he finished third behind Jones and Clark.

This year exotic new racers have diverted attention from the drivers, but it would be folly to minimize their importance. "Of the 33 drivers," says Rodger Ward, the durable warrior who won in 1959 and 1962, "there are 10 men to beat. The other 23 cannot win unless something happens to the top 10." Diplomatically, Ward refuses to name his elite group. Foyt has no such reluctance. "There are nine or 10, like Rodger says," Foyt comments. "That would be Jim Hurtubise, Don Branson, Parnelli Jones, Ward, Dan Gurney, Jimmy Clark and Bobby Marshman." He grins and adds: "An' ol' A. J. Foyt."

If Bignotti is again handling the wrenches, it does not mean that his relationship with Foyt has become a placid one. Let Foyt detect something amiss and he is likely to screech up to the pits shouting, "Goddam it, the wheels are jumping this far off the track. Now fix that or I'll do it myself." When things are going well, however, he flashes a grin and says, "That George, ain't he beautiful with that smile. George, you ol' dago, you're all right." Says Bignotti: "A. J. is not . . . uhhh . . . the easiest guy in the world to get along with. But I guess we work better together than we do apart. A. J. is one of the few drivers in this business who understands everything about cars. He doesn't have to do his own work anymore, but if he had to

*continued*




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he could build his own car. When some little thing goes wrong he can tell you exactly what it is, and when he says he can fix it himself he is telling the truth."

Foyt also understands the Speedway. "I know this ol' track pretty good now," he said the other day, "but I can never tell exactly how I am going to drive it until the time comes. If I get ahead, I simply follow the groove of rubber that the cars have laid down in practice. If I am behind, I work my way up to the front the best way I know how. I run scared, but it isn't exactly scared. More a kind of tight feeling. My hands get tired hanging on to the wheel. Sometimes on the straights I open my hands and push down on the wheel with my palms to rest my fingers. If things are going real well I might drive with one hand. Coming off the last turn into the home straight I like to look over and check the crowd. Sometimes I pick out a lady in a fancy hat if it has a lot of color to it." Rodger Ward says: "Foyt is just a natural athlete and a natural racing driver. He's the man who goes south with the money."

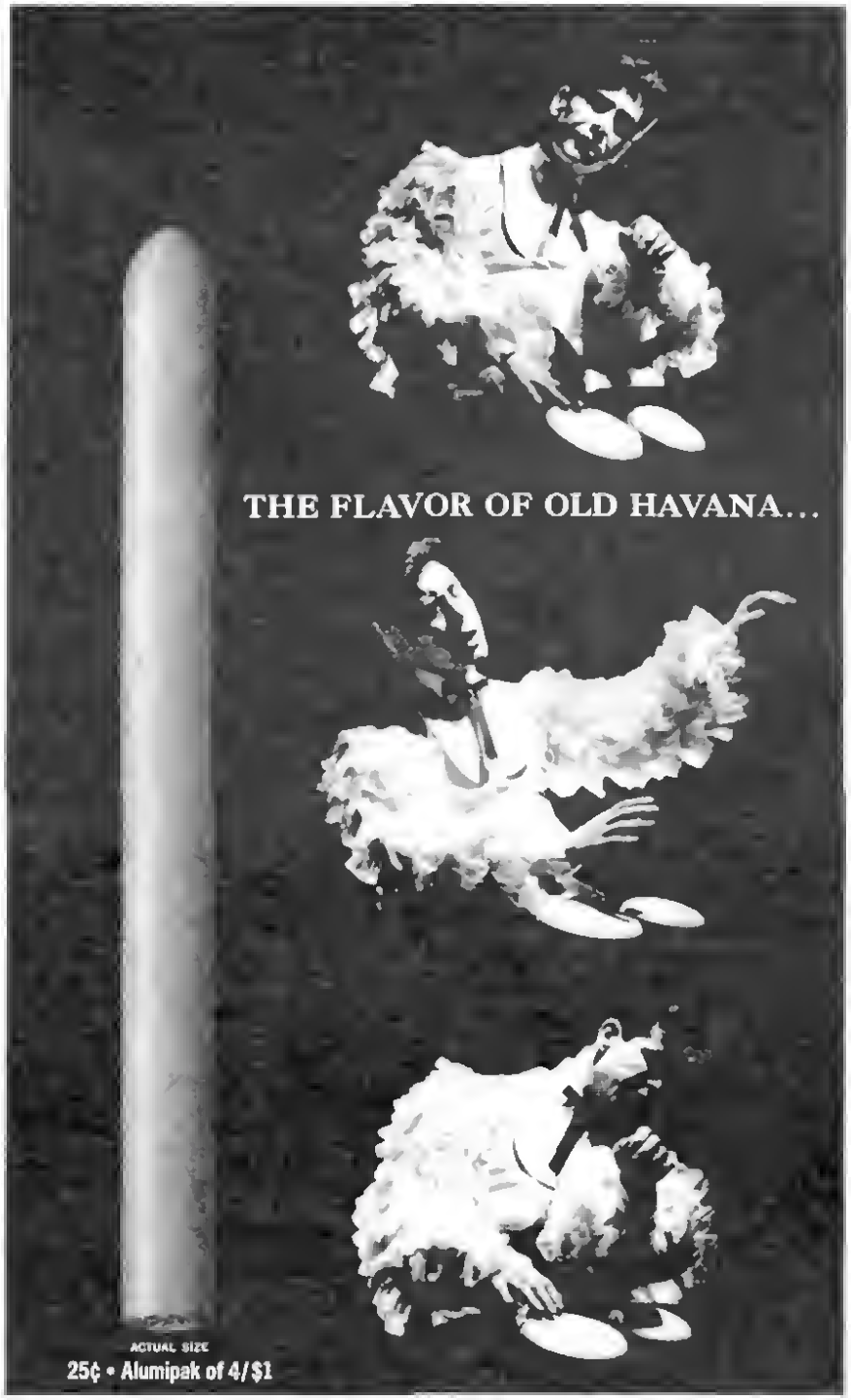
Like some other drivers, Foyt punctuates his sentences with sound effects. "Blam" and "shoof" are fair examples of what he is likely to toss into a conversation, but his favorite is "voom." Voom approximates the sound of a racing engine, and its use often merely signifies high spirits. Jim Hurtubise, for example, rarely passes Foyt's Gasoline Alley garage without leaning in and bouncing a "voom" off the walls.

Foyt's bank account has plenty of voom, too. Men close to him agree that he earns upwards of $100,000 a year, which makes him one of the country's highest-paid school dropouts. "He may not have had much education," says Bill Ansted, "but he certainly knows how to read a contract."

The one thing Foyt has not been able to master is his temper. Friends believe he has mellowed considerably this year, but, remembering a 1963 eruption, have their fingers crossed. The trouble began during a sprint car race at Williams Grove, Pa. when it seemed that Driver Johnny White was deliberately cutting Foyt off in the turns. When the race

continued






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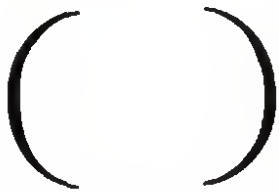
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ended, A. J. went steaming to White's pit. According to an official, whose report caused Foyt's suspension from racing, Foyt slugged White. According to Foyt, he did not. "Oh," says Foyt, "I had him around the head pretty good. I was holding him, all right, but I didn't hit him." Driver Roger McCluskey vouched for Foyt's story. "A. J. didn't hit White," said McCluskey at a hearing at which Foyt's reinstatement was being considered. "If he had, he would have torn his head off." Foyt handled his own defense, for which he was "prepared like a Philadelphia lawyer," and of course was reinstated.

There are those who believe that Foyt's temporary suspension combined with his exposure to the less violent world of sports car racing his steadied him. Foyt has driven sports cars only two years. The first time out, at Riverside, Calif., he put an E-type Jaguar into a wall. Only his ego was damaged, and that briefly. Last year he joined the large, lavishly equipped team of his fellow Houstonian, the oil heir John W. Mecom Jr. Catching on quickly—"I always did like to shift gears"—he surprisingly placed second last fall in an important race at Laguna Seca, Calif., wheeling home in a car that was threatening to fly apart. Foyt was steering with one hand and holding the car in gear with the other. Nassau, Daytona and Sebring confirmed him as a major new road-racing talent. Foyt is inclined to take a jaunty view of this sudden eminence. "Oh," he says, "them sporty cars is all right, but, remember, I'm just a poor working boy who can't afford to race for fun."

Nevertheless, it is regrettable that Foyt's heavy American racing schedule will prevent him from taking a crack at the Grand Prix series leading to the world driving championship. Foyt in a Lotus or a Ferrari in road racing's biggest league would be worth crossing oceans to see.

But Foyt is worth watching wherever he races. "I look at it this way," he says. "You can't really relax or you fall behind. Mother told me years ago that when you get to the top there is only one way to go, and that's down. But I am still on top. Voom!" **END**



*George Richardson inside his barn on his dairy farm in Jacksonville, Florida*

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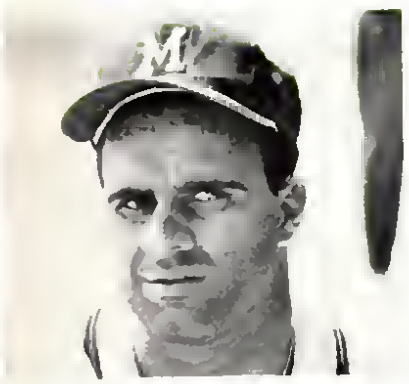
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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

**AMERICAN LEAGUE** Some financial problems are going to arise in the American League if the trend of public apathy continues. Only 304,000 saw A.L. games last week, compared to 513,000 in the National. BALTIMORE (4–2) looks big league in many, many ways on the field, but what of the city itself? There is the rub. Even with Wally Bunker's (4–0) pitching, Luis Aparicio's flash on the bases (five steals), superb relief pitching (two runs in 13 innings), a startling ability to win one-run games (three in the week to push the team's season total to 11–1), the Orioles averaged only 8,411 for six home dates in perfect weather. NEW YORK (3–3) got some miserable pitching, particularly from the bullpen, which gave up 14 runs in 27⅔ innings, including a grand-slam pitch thrown by Bill Stafford to Bobby Knoop of the Angels. In one stretch the Yankees' four top starters—Whitey Ford, Jim Bouton, Al Downing and Ralph Terry—gave up 17 runs in 15⅔ innings, and Ford again developed a muscle pull in his hip, which caused him to leave a game. The Yankees were even beaten 9–5 by LOS ANGELES (2–4) on "Bo Belinsky Memorial Day." At almost this same point last year Belinsky started against New York and was so badly beaten he was shipped to Hawaii. This time he gave up five runs in three innings, and the strains of *Hula Hands* grew louder. The MINNESOTA Twins (4–2) got complete games from Camilo Pascual and Lee Stange, plus a .500 week and 11 RBIs from Harmon Killebrew, but the Twins' relief continued horrible. In nine of the 15 games Minnesota has lost, it was ahead entering the sixth inning. Jolly Cholly Dressen of DETROIT (4–4) screamed at his team after they swayed from side to side, causing the bus taking them from the airport to their Cleveland hotel to tilt. He called them "a bunch of clowns." Once considered a wild man, Juan Pizarro of CHICAGO (4–0) won two games, struck out 18 in 16 innings and walked only two to boost his win total to five. The CLEVELAND Indians (2–3) were having troubles at the gate, too, averaging only 7,861 for non-Yankee home dates. But rookie Bob (Fat) Chance was given a starting job in the outfield after hitting .444 part time and promptly went three for four. An editorial writer for the *Kansas City Star* tapped out three fine lines: "Not to be catty about this, but we suggest that what the KANSAS CITY Athletics (1–6) need are more pitchers and fewer lawsuits." BOSTON (5–2) was getting excellent fielding from rookie Tony Conigliaro and a ration of Dick Radatz (4–2) almost every day. During a nine-game home stand Radatz appeared seven times. Gil Hodges of WASHINGTON (2–5) finally had Chuck Hinton hustling after fining him a month ago for "daydreaming" in the outfield. Last week Hinton had 11 hits and stretched four singles into doubles.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE** The LOS ANGELES Dodgers (4–4) were tied for eighth in games behind last week, but no one was even close to them in the box-office race. Amazingly, the Dodgers are up 60,000 in attendance already, proving that to have a hit, just get a team that can't. General Manager Buzzie Bavasi claimed that the NEW YORK Mets (2–7) were "tremendously improved" and then sat back and watched his team run all over them. While the Mets may be bungling on defense, they have developed a fine young reliever in 23-year-old Larry Bearnarth, who won his third game to go along with two saves for five of the Mets 11 wins. Bearnarth credits positive thinking for his success. As he walks to the mound now he keeps repeating, "I'm gonna be tough, I'm gonna get 'em, I'm gonna win." PHILADELPHIA (5–2) kept right on winning, and in five games the pitching staff gave up a total of four runs. The Phils have some bad news for the rest of the league: with nine different pitchers already accounting for its 21 wins, Philadelphia now has Cal McLish (13–11 in 1963) ready to rejoin the team after an injury. John Callison hit .400 for the week but it was superb fielding by Bobby Wine and Tony Taylor plus a triple play that had people talking. The CINCINNATI Reds (1–5) have Manager Fred Hutchinson steaming. The pitching has gone sour. Pitcher Joey Jay is sore at General Manager Bill De Witt; Pete Rose and Vada Pinson hit .154 between them for the week. Both bat ahead of Frank Robinson (.368) in the lineup, and when they do not get on base for Robby to drive in, the team suffers. Steve Blass of PITTSBURGH (4–4) loves to imitate stars like Walter Brennan. He imitated Don Drysdale last week and beat the Dodgers with just seven hits for his first win. Juan Marichal of SAN FRANCISCO (5–3) got pounded by the Phils the day after the birth of his second daughter, but Willie Mays kept doing his own pounding. Willie hit three homers to raise his total to 17. HOUSTON (4–4) again got excellent relief pitching (one run in 17 innings) and few runs, but their two wins over New York boosted their lifetime record vs. the Mets to 28–9. Curt Simmons picked up his sixth win for ST. LOUIS (4–3) but Ernie Broglio threw three wild pitches in one inning to tie a league record. Bob Buhl of CHICAGO (4–3) needed only 89 pitches to beat the Reds 4–1 after they had beaten him nine of 11 times since he joined the Cubs. The Cubbies are 13–9 this year with their top three starters but 0–9 with their various fourths. MILWAUKEE (4–2) got 11 homers and a win in relief from Billy Hoeft plus some good news at the gate: they are up 45,000.



JOE TORRE: LBS. OFF, AVG. UP

**PLAYER OF THE WEEK**

The good philosophers are few and can be counted on the fingers of one hand: Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Kant and Frank Torre. Frank Torre lives in Brooklyn, and one day he said to his brother Joe, "You are a fat slob, Joe. With all that blubber you'll never be a big-leaguer. You're too fat to be anything but a catcher. Buy yourself a catcher's mitt and go on a diet." Joe Torre was 16 then and weighed 240 pounds, but he did buy a catcher's mitt, went on a diet, and today, at 23, it looks like he will be the starting National League catcher in the All-Star Game. Joe Torre is actually one of the best and most versatile pieces of property that the Milwaukee Braves have ever owned, because he is not only a fine catcher but a good first baseman as well. And he can hit. Last week the Braves were leading the Cincinnati Reds 3–2. The bases were loaded in the top half of the ninth and Joe Torre drove everyone in with a homer. Torre had hit another one the night before in the eighth inning to help the Braves win 4–2. For the week he hit .300 and scored seven runs. Currently Torre leads the Braves in all offensive categories, with a batting average of .346, 25 RBIs, seven homers and 10 doubles. Manager Bobby Bragan maintains, "Joe is smart and level-headed. He's our best catcher and also our best first baseman. He will be a truly great player and he should be the All-Star catcher for the next 10 years." Thanks to brother Frank.

# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the sports information of the week**

**BADMINTON**—Defending Champion INDONESIA won the Thomas Cup for the third consecutive time by defeating Denmark 5–4 in a hard-fought, controversial final in Tokyo (*see page 14*).

**BOXING**—In a Cleveland nontitle fight, Middleweight Champion JOEY GIARDELLO gained an early advantage over Rocky Rivero, then survived a strong attack in the final two rounds for a close-but-unanimous 10-round decision over the Argentinian. After the fight Giardello, who five weeks earlier had edged the unranked Rivero by a split decision, said "You can have my share of that little guy from here on in."

**GOLF**—MIKE SOUCHAK of Berwick, Pa., who had not won a PGA tournament for three years prior to his victory in the Houston Classic last month, shot a two-under-par 68 on the final round to win the $50,000 Memphis Open with 270.

BETSY RAWLS of Spartanburg, S.C., winless on the LPGA circuit since April 1963, ended the drought with a 282 for 72 holes to take the $13,500 Dallas Civitan Open, two strokes ahead of runner-up Mickay Wright, the favored home-town girl. Ruth Jessen, who had tied the professional women's 18-hole record with a 64 on the first round, placed third with 285.

**HARNESS RACING**—Mrs. Leonard J. Buck's OVERTRICK ($3.40), driven by John Patterson, beat Cardigan Bay by a neck to win the $50,000 International Pace at Yonkers Raceway. It was the third straight victory for the 4-year-old pacer, and his 3:03 4/5 time for the mile-and-a-half (his first test at that distance) was just 2/5 second off the world record.

**HORSE RACING**—Greentree Stable's 5-year-old CYRANO ($8.20), guided by John Rotz, raced to victory in the $55,400 Los Angeles Handicap at Hollywood Park. Favored Kelso, making his first start since last November, finished eighth in the field of nine.

WILLIE SHOEMAKER, 33, rode his 4,871st winner at Hollywood Park to pass the career record of Sir Gordon Richards of England and become the second-winningest jockey in the world, behind Johnny Longden. But Shoemaker has at least 950 victories to go before catching up with the 57-year-old Longden, who is still riding winners.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—Scotsman JIM CLARK, piloting a Lotus-Climax, won his second straight Dutch Grand Prix with a record 98.01 mph average in Zandvoort, Netherlands.

JIM PASCHAL of High Point, N.C. averaged more than 125 mph in his Plymouth to win the $112,000 world 600-mile stock-car race in Charlotte, N.C. Only 15 of the 44 starters finished the race, which began with catastrophe as three Fords crashed together in the backstretch of the seventh lap. Glenn (Firehall) Roberts of Daytona Beach, Fla. was dragged from his flaming car and taken to a nearby hospital with critical burns, but the other two drivers, Ned Jarrett of Camden, S.C. and Robert (Junior) Johnson of Ronda, N.C., climbed to safety with less serious injuries.

**ROWING**—Pulling against an incoming tide on San Diego's Mission Bay, the high-stroking CALIFORNIA crew covered 2,000 meters in 6:11.7 to win the Western Sprints by half a length over Defending Champion Washington.

In the last major eastern college race before the IRA regatta (June 19–20) CORNELL, runner-up to Harvard in the Eastern Sprints, pulled ahead of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania to win the Madeira Cup in Ithaca, N.Y. The Big Red's time for the 2,000 meters was an unimpressive 6:25.

WASHINGTON-LEE High School of Arlington, Va. stroked to an easy victory in the national schoolboy championships at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., for its eighth consecutive title (including a tie for first in 1963) and its 11th in 16 years under Coach Charlie Butts.

**SWIMMING**—At an East Berlin meet between the U.S.S.R. and East Germany, Russia's GEORGI PROKOPENKO splashed to victory in the 200-meter breaststroke in 2:29.6, equaling the world record set by Chet Jastremski of the U.S. in 1961.

In Dortmund, at the West German championships, HANS-JOACHIM KLEIN of West Germany, who recently trained with Swimming Coach Peter Deland at the Los Angeles AC, raced the 200-meter freestyle in 1:58.2, clipping .2 second off the world record set last summer by Don Schollander of Santa Clara, Calif.

**TENNIS**—Third-seeded ANDRES GIMENO of Spain defeated Australian Lew Hoad 4–6, 6–2, 10–8 to win $3,000 first-prize money in the six-day pro tournament at the University of Maryland in College Park. Pancho Gonzalez, 36, was eliminated in the first round by Rod Laver, 6–2, 10–8, and top-seeded Ken Rosewall was defeated by Alex Olmedo in the quarter-finals, 7–5, 7–5.

**TRACK & FIELD**—At the California Relays in Modesto, Calif. (*see page 64*) GRAMBLING COLLEGE tied the world record of 40 seconds flat in the 440-yard relay; RALPH BOSTON broad-jumped 27 feet 2½ inches, bettering his own American record by three-quarters of an inch and falling only three-quarters of an inch short of Russian Igor Ter-Ovanesyan's world mark; and DYROL BURLESON (4:00.2) beat Tom O'Hara (4:00.3) in the mile for the fifth time in five tries.

The most impressive performance at the Modesto meet was that of 17-year-old JIM RYUN, a junior at Wichita (Kans.) East High School, who finished third in the mile in 4:01.7, slicing 4.7 seconds off his own U.S. schoolboy record set a week earlier in Manhattan, Kans. GERRY LINDGREN of Spokane's Rogers High also broke Ryun's old mark when he raced a 4:06 mile in Pullman, Wash. without any competition (his nearest rival finished more than 200 yards behind him). Pole Vaulter PAUL WILSON, a junior at Earl Warren High in Downey, Calif., became the first schoolboy to clear 16 feet when he leaped 16 feet ⅛ inch in Compton, Calif., raising his own national scholastic record 4½ inches.

In collegiate conference championships SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA won its fifth straight Big Six title in Los Angeles; NEW MEXICO upset defending champion Arizona State University to take the Western Athletic Conference meet in Salt Lake City; WESTERN MICHIGAN gained the Mid-American Conference title for the seventh year in a row at Oxford, Ohio, and WISCONSIN piled up a total of 64 points to win the Big Ten Championships in Evanston, Ill. for the first time since 1931.

Hardly slowed by the sweltering weather, BUDDY EDELEN (*see page 40*), a South Dakotan now teaching in England, finished first in the Yonkers (N.Y.) Marathon in 2:24:25.6 and won a trip to the Tokyo Olympics. John J. Kelley of Groton, Conn., the champion for the past eight years, finished third behind Austrian Adolph Gruber.

**MILEPOSTS**—RETIRED DARLENE HARD, 28, of Monticello, Calif., the top-ranked woman tennis player in the U.S. for the past four years, from amateur competition in order to teach at the Tennis Ranch in Carmel Valley, Calif. "I've played competitive tennis for a long time and represented the country long enough I think," she said. "I'm a little bit tired, and teaching gives me an opportunity to give some of the information back."

KILLED. In the most monstrous sports disaster since Roman times, more than 300 spectators during a riot at a championship soccer game between Peru and Argentina in Lima, Peru. Argentina was leading 1–0 late in the last period when the referee disallowed a goal for Peru, and one angry fan charged onto the field and attacked the referee. When the crowd of 45,000 began hurling bottles and seat cushions, the referee called the game with five minutes remaining, giving Argentina the victory. The furious mob surged onto the field, but anger turned to panic as police opened fire with tear gas. Some spectators fainted from the gas, others fell or were pushed down in the hysterical rush for the exits. The price of protest: 315 dead and more than 500 injured.

OJED Television Executive GEORGE WASHINGTON NORTON IV, 30, one of the 11 members of Cassius Clay's Louisville Sponsoring Group, in an automobile accident near his home in Louisville.


**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

4—Joe Clark; 26–28—Evan Paskin; 32—AP; 40–45—Gerry Cranham; 63—AP; 64—Jack Sheedy & George Long; 69—Fred Kaplan; 83, 84—Lee Balterman; 93—Herb Scharfman; 94—Richard Stewart, Gary Scott, Courier Journal and Louisville Times, Jerry Hostetler—Detroit News.


## FACES IN THE CROWD



**DR. HOMER ODDGE,** 76, of Burlington, Vt., president emeritus of Norwich University, paddled to second place behind 38-year-old Willard Holt in the one-man canoe class at the Hudson River White Water Derby giant slalom race in North Creek, N.Y.



**NINA VOSTERS,** 20, a junior who is majoring in physical education at the University of Delaware, won the Middle States Collegiate Women's Tennis title with a 6–4, 6–4 victory over Roberta Zimman, the eastern intercollegiate champion, in Bryn Mawr, Pa.



**BOB CHERRY,** 22, a senior education major and 12-letter athlete at Wittenburg University, won six events and placed second in another for 33 points in a dual track meet with Ohio Northern. But it was not quite enough; his school lost the meet 69–67.



**TOM HEFFRON JR.,** 25, an airman 1st class at Lackland AFB in San Antonio who has been skeet shooting since he was 15 in Groton, N.Y., broke 49 of 50 targets to win a shootoff for the overall title in the Canadian Open championships at St. Janvier, Quebec.



**WAYNE MILLER,** 17, a senior at Cathedral High in Lafayette, La., won the men's trampoline title for the second year in a row at the national AAU gymnastics championships in Kings Point, N.Y. He also was the 1963 Louisiana state high school diving champion.



**GARY WILCZYNSKI,** 17, a pitcher for St. Ladislaus High School in Hamtramck, Mich., shut out St. Thomas High School 6–0 for his third straight no-hitter of the season. "I take pride in my curve, my control and my assortment of junk," he said.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**PORCH SWINGS**

Sirs:

*Your article, Home Run Heaven (May 18),* plays on a subject close to my heart. I have contended for a long time that the major league schedules are not played "with all things being equal." And I don't think that the best team always comes out with the pennant. Something should be done to require all clubs to tailor their parks to be identical.

Why do the San Francisco Giants hit so many home runs at home and win so many games at home? Why is the Pirate home run total so low every year? Take Felipe Alou and Ed Bailey (who hit home runs at Candlestick Park) to County Stadium—and no more home runs! Take Dick Stuart out of vast Forbes Field and place him in Fenway Park and he practically leads the league.

Of course there are many other variables, but at least give us some uniformity by making all parks the same in dimensions. Or give the Pirates a six-game handicap at the start of the season.

J. D. DONATELLI

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Laws are made to apply to everyone, and it should also be true of the laws of professional baseball. When the additions to Rule 1.04 were adopted, which said that no park may be constructed after June 1, 1958 with foul lines less than 325 feet and no present park lessened to within 325 feet, no mention was made about the parks already built with shorter foul lines. Charles O. Finley's recent protest to this, in the form of the Kansas City Pennant Porch, was a direct violation of this rule, but he did succeed in pointing out the advantage the Yankees have in this respect over the rest of the American League. The only other team, besides the Yankees, with such a short foul line is Boston, which has it guarded by a 50-foot fence in left field. The 44-inch wall in Yankee Stadium has allowed dozens of cheap home runs, impossible in any other park. Since the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium nine times more than any other team in the American League, they can develop their team to take advantage of the wall (such as lefty hitters and pitchers), and while they might not win all of their games with home runs to right field, the wall, by just being there, gives them a psychological edge over their opponents. A 30- or 40-foot fence in right field would certainly help to even out the usually lopsided American League pennant race.

RIC ROSENBLUM

Valley Stream, N.Y.

Sirs:

Seems to me that we have heard enough about home run porches!

Why doesn't Mr. Finley face the facts? Kansas City finished eighth in team standings, eighth in team batting, eighth in earned run averages and who knows where in team fielding. His best hitter's BA was a tremendous .280, and I doubt if the great slugger Wayne Causey could hit a ball 296 feet! Does Finley really think he could end "Yankee dominance" with that bunch of humpty-dumpties just by putting up a 296-foot fence?

Why doesn't Finley try to beat the Yanks like the Dodgers did—with bat and glove, instead of talk and porches?

PAT PAPA

Elkhart, Ind.

**WORDS TO THE WISE**

Sirs:

Thank you for your suggested additions of surfing terminology to *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, May 18). We are glad to have the words gremmie, hot-dogger, beach bunny, wahine and woody called to our attention and glad to put them in our files. We would have to have a lot of evidence of widespread general usage before putting them in any of our dictionaries, except, of course, wahine in its earlier sense. The word surfing is, as you say, here to stay, and we are glad to have evidence of such variations on it as surf (noun), meaning "dance," and surfer, meaning "trunks" as well as "person who surfs." Perhaps you will be interested to know that we are even more interested to find examples of blue-jeaned, beachside, suitmaker and palaka in SPORTING, LOOK Editor Fred Smith's article on surfing fashions (*High Surfdom*).

P. B. GOVE

Editor in Chief, G. & C. Merriam Company

Springfield, Mass.

**SHANGHAIED**

Sirs:

It ain't so. Eric Ridder's entire crew from me on down has not jumped ship from *Constellation* to *Columbia*. I refer, of course, to the sentence in Carleton Mitchell's otherwise excellent article (*A Heaping Cupful of Twelves*, May 18) on America's Cup preparations in which I and the rest of Eric's crew are identified as sailing on *Columbia*. Mitch, of course, knows better, but somewhere down the line is a proofreader who doesn't. I, Oun Gifford, Buddy Bombard, Larry Scheu, Steve Van Oyck, Dick Goennel and Bob Connell are still very much on *Constellation* and wouldn't be anywhere else.

I know most of your readers will realize this was unintentional. Maybe you will find a way to mention the three other regular members of our crew, George F. (Fenny) Johnson, Don Wakeman and Fred Kulicke.

ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

New York City

● Apologies to a gallant crew inadvertently shanghated by a New York press gang—ED.

**WINGED VICTORY**

Sirs:

No wonder Florida A&M Sprinter Bob Hayes is "the fastest man alive" (May 18). The pictures showing him running the 100 would lead one to think that his feet never touch the ground!

Your caption beneath the start says he's "a slow beginner," but it must be only because his right foot *is* on the ground at the start, not sailing three inches above it.

We Dallas Cowboy fans can't wait until he joins our team. I'm willing to predict that Sonny Gibbs and Bob Hayes will establish new NFL longest-completion records in two or three years!

JACK WEISS

Richardson, Texas

Sirs:

After reading your article and watching the Coliseum Relays (*Aannnnghhh!* May 25) the same evening, I have only this to say: if Bob Hayes is the fastest human, Henry Carr is superhuman.

ROGER KAPLAN

Tempe, Ariz.

**OH DEER!**

Sirs:

I was much impressed by a brief item in SCORECARD (April 27) noting the recent increase in the number of deer killed by automobiles on highways.

While the national figure, 70,000, does not seem out of line, the estimate of 24,000 deer killed on the roads of New York State alone is surely excessive. That would be one deer every 20-odd minutes, day and night, every day throughout the year.

A recent newspaper report quoting the New York State Bureau of Game's latest survey-estimate (1958) stated that the white-tailed deer population of the state was estimated at 350,000. The legal kill was 66,469 deer. It was estimated that 77,154 died from other causes (starvation 15.1%, etc.), with highway accidents accounting for 17% of the total of 143,623, *i.e.*, 66,469 plus 77,154. Since 17% of 143,623 comes to about

*continued*

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24,000. I wonder if this could be the source of the estimate of 24,000 given in your article.

An article in *The New York Times* (May 20, 1956) only a few years ago expressed alarm that 698 deer-car collisions had been reported in 1955. The increase to 24,000 in less than a decade must be among the most remarkable phenomena in natural history.

I note also a comment by Edmund Gilligan, the outdoor writer, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, June 2, 1955, "There are no dependable figures on the deer hunt in New York State. There never have been and it is unlikely that there ever will be."

TOBIAS STOLZ

Bethlehem, Pa.

• No actual count of deer-car collisions is kept in New York, mainly because state law does not require that collisions with wild animals be reported. The State Thruway Authority, which does keep its own figures, reported 353 deer killed on the Thruway in 1963, as opposed to the high of 653 killed in 1958. The drop in highway kills, the Authority feels, can be attributed to the fact that deer are getting smarter. The New York Department of Conservation, however, insists that its 1958 estimates, quoted by reader Stolz, are as sound today as they were six years ago and that the figure of 24,000 deer killed annually by automobiles is a reasonable one.—ED.

**THE GIFT HE GIVES**

Sirs:

In the second installment of his diary (*The Life I Lead*, May 11 *et seq*.), Jack Nicklaus writes that I gave him a painting. This is true, but what Jack did not mention is that he sent a generous check to Chicago's Crusade of Mercy, to which all proceeds of my exhibit were donated.

ALEXANDER MALEY

Chicago

**WRONG TREE**

Sirs:

Thank you for writing of me in your PEOPLE column (April 27).

I am sure your fine magazine leaves an impression on many young people; therefore, on the outside chance that one of the youngsters may have misinterpreted your article, I would like to impress upon them that quitting schools, as I did out of necessity, is unwise, and any youngster thinking that he can become a success without an education is barking up the wrong tree.

Of the many ingredients necessary to achieve success, I believe an education is the most important.

JERRY WOLMAN

Philadelphia



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# Too Much Talk Takes the Fun out of a Trip

**The author and his wife discovered recently that sometimes it is better not to say anything about plans to travel around the world, especially if there is a doctor in the house**

**by JAMES COYLE**

A trip abroad used to mean simply that you obtained a passport, packed and went. Now modern science has made travel, like everything else, complicated. This was borne in on me recently at a cocktail party where my wife and I met a physician who had just returned from girdling the globe.

"How thrilling, doctor!" my wife said. "We've been saving for years to go around the world!"

"A most rewarding experience," the doctor said, carefully testing his drink. "*If* you take the necessary precautions."

"Oh, we plan to carry lots of travelers checks," my wife said. "We'll take a Cunarder from New York—"

"First, you'll both need a physical," the doctor went on firmly. "Then shots. Take along spare glasses and a prescription. And if you have a condition requiring emergency care—"

"I'm hipped on cycling through the English countryside," I put in. "Stopping at little wayside inns, you know."

"Wayside inns remind me," the doctor said, "of an emergency operation I performed in one. It was in Sussex, as I recall. Diabetic mortician from Grand Forks, Iowa. He had forgotten to wear his wrist tag giving instructions in case of—"

"Then Paris, the shops, the Louvre," my wife said. "After that we want to motor through the southern provinces, sampling wines, cheeses, bouillabaisse—"

"Beware of salads," the doctor warned. "My wife caught the devil's own dose of diarrhea eating some leafy concoction in a little cafe in Provence."

"Spain is what I'm really looking forward to," I said. "Gypsy dancers, amontillado, the bullfights in Seville."

"Speaking of bulls," the doctor said, "I'll never forget Pamplona. A foundation-garment salesman from Puyallup, Wash. was trampled during the running, and we almost lost him. Lockjaw. He'd forgotten to take his tetanus booster."

"Tell me, doctor," my wife said, "is it true the gondolas in Venice are being replaced with outboards?"

"Couldn't say, really," the doctor replied. "You see, I was laid up with dysentery the whole of our stay there. The drinking water. Don't touch it. Also watch out for ice, raw milk, uncooked fruits and vegetables."

"Ah, *Oktoberfest* in Munich," my wife said, with a sigh. "Christmas in the Tyrol. Skiing at Kitzbuhel."

"Overexertion is the danger in high altitudes," the doctor said. "On our first day in St. Moritz a sewage inspector from Trenton, N.J. had a coronary."

"I'm hoping conditions will allow for an African safari," I said. "What was it Hemingway wrote in *The Green Hills*?"

"Be sure and take your yellow fever shot," the doctor said. "The disease is endemic throughout much of Africa. The shot is quite simple. One inoculation insures immunization and is valid for six years beginning 10 days after."

"Then to romantic Cairo, the Nile, Shepheard's," my wife said. "Did you view the Sphinx by moonlight, doctor?"

"Yes, but I couldn't enjoy it," the doctor said. "I'd picked up a skin infection from using the pool in a native bath-

*continued*



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house. Take my advice, never swim i unchlorinated pools."

"To me, India epitomizes the East," I said. "The holy Ganges, Moslem fakirs the timeless beauty of the Taj Mahal—

"Cholera," the doctor said. "That' the thing to guard against in India. It' endemic. However, your vaccinatio certificate is good for six months, be ginning six days after the second injec—"

"We thought we'd stop over in Hon Kong and pick up some handmade suits," my wife said. "I suppose, doctor, th name arouses a host of memories."

"I remember there *was* a lot of louse born typhus around," the doctor said



"But you've nothing to worry about i you take your shots. Two inoculation spaced seven to 10 days apart will—"

"For some reason, Australia has always intrigued me," I said. "Maybe it's the vast uncharted bush, the aborigines with their age-old customs."

"You can say that!" the doctor shuddered. "They hardly know what a thermometer is and as for bathing!" The doctor looked at his watch. "Excuse me, folks, I've a patient to see. Charmed to meet you both."

"It's been marvelous hearing about your trip, doctor," my wife said.

"We've enjoyed every minute of it," I said.

"Instead of spending our money on a round-the-world trip," my wife said, "maybe we'd better both get a complete physical. We could just about pay for two weeks at Mayo brothers."

"A good idea," I said. "And the sooner the better." END




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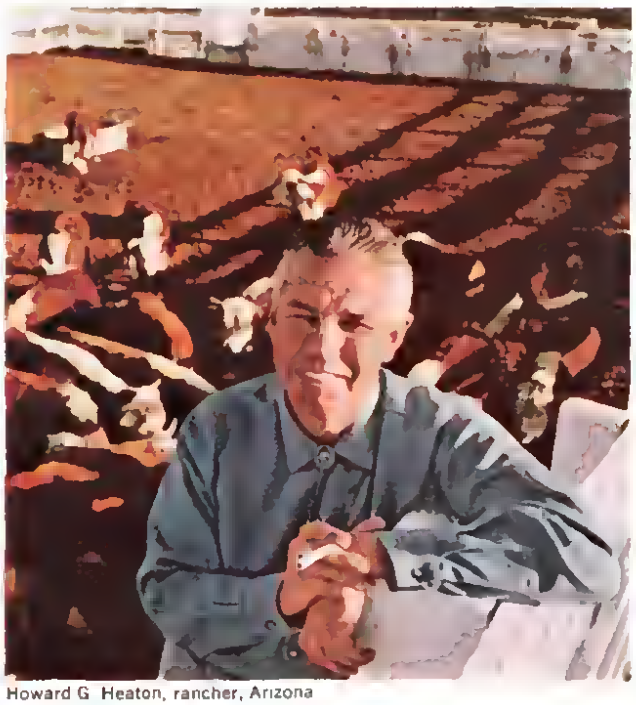
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